

# The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 10, 1912,

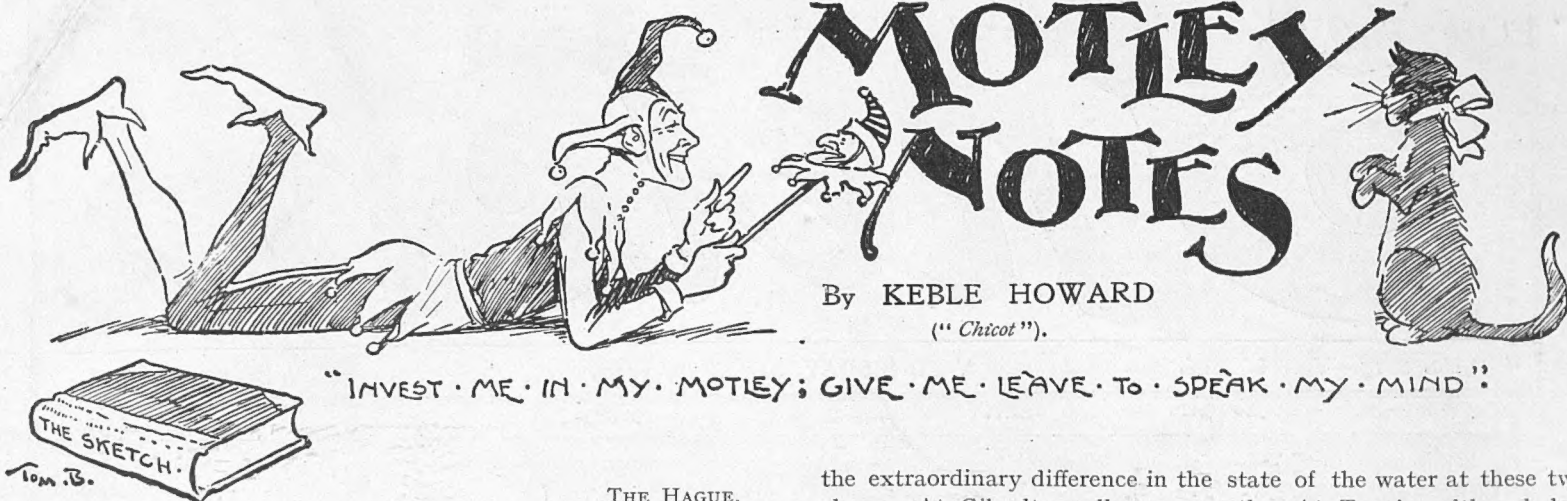
SIXPENCE.



## BETTER THAN THE PEBBLE OF DEMOSTHENES: BLARNEY CASTLE AND ITS ELOQUENCE-GIVING BLARNEY STONE KISSED BY THE "FIRST LORD."

While in the South of Ireland, Mr. Winston Churchill paid a visit the other day to Blarney Castle, and kissed the Blarney Stone in the traditional manner. The stone has the power of conferring the gift of eloquence, though not in the same way as the pebble which Demosthenes kept in his mouth while practising oratory. Of the Blarney Stone, Samuel Lover says in his verse: "Like a magnet its influence such is, That attraction it gives all it touches: If you kiss it, they say, From that blessed day You may kiss whom you please with your blarney." The legend dates, traditionally, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the Lord of Blarney, besieged by her troops, was so successful in humbugging their commander that the word "blarney" became permanently added to the English language. The Blarney Stone is seen in the above photograph just under the parapet on the outside wall of the tower, between the two iron bars above the top central window. We give on another page some illustrations of Mr. Churchill's visit, explaining how he kissed the stone.—[*Photograph by Gey.*]





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

THE HAGUE.

TO EDITOR, SKETCH, LONDON.

(From Our Special Commissioner.)

I have the honour, Sir, to continue my report on the Mediterranean, Gibraltar, and the ports adjacent.

You may ask me, and quite justifiably, what in Hull I am doing at The Hague. I hasten to explain that I boarded another Dutch boat at Marseilles—the *Ophir*—captained by a confirmed Dutchman. On the first day out from Marseilles, the following conversation took place between us—

"You will perhaps touch at Plymouth, Sir?"

"My instructions are to proceed direct to Rotterdam."

"But could you not call at Southampton?"

"My instructions are to proceed direct to Rotterdam."

"At least you might pop me ashore at Dover?"

"My instructions are to proceed direct to Rotterdam."

"I understand that you take a pilot aboard at Dungeness. Could I not return to Dungeness with the pilot-boat?"

"My instructions are to proceed direct to Rotterdam."

"Yes, Sir, I know. You have mentioned that before. But let me beg of you to consider the situation. Here shall I be within sight of England, almost within sight of home. The scent of the English meadows will be wafted to me over the taffrail. High summer is calling. My home is in need of me. My friends are languishing for me. Would you have the heart to carry me all the way to your lovely, but at the moment undesired, Holland?"

"My instructions are to proceed direct to Rotterdam."

There you have one leading characteristic of the real Dutchman.

NICE.

I have to report all quiet at Nice. I had a large hotel on the front all to myself, and the Casino was entirely closed. I drove the whole length of the Promenade des Anglais without meeting another vehicle of any description. Thus, Sir, I had ample opportunity to see Nice as she really is. I am happy to report that the place meets with my enthusiastic approbation, and I venture to recommend that it be left intact.

MONTE CARLO.

I proceeded from Nice to Monte Carlo by tramway. I thought, at first, that I was the only visitor to Monte Carlo, but, on entering the Casino, I discerned, through the comparative gloom, quite a large number of figures gathered round the tables. I did not play myself, having a far better use for my money, but I watched the placid ones handing out the spoil in large quantities. One old lady, indeed, with whom some glimmering of selfishness evidently still remained, snatched back her stake when she discovered that she had, as usual, backed the wrong number. But the croupier was one too many for her. He waited until she again laid the money on the table, and then quietly raked it in. They manage these things very prettily and smoothly at Monte Carlo.

One stout gentlemen, who looked like an American, had a method all his own. At least, I have never heard of anybody else following this particular system. He came in suddenly, plunged his hand into his pocket, drew out a handful of gold, and flung it on to the table at random. Having, of course, lost the lot, he shrugged his shoulders and left the Casino just as abruptly as he had entered it. One wondered what he did with himself the rest of the day.

A GLIMPSE OF THE "DELHI."

On our return journey, Sir, we stayed for half-an-hour or less at Gibraltar and Tangier. This afforded me an opportunity of noting

the extraordinary difference in the state of the water at these two places. At Gibraltar, all was smooth. At Tangier, although but two hours away, the sea was so rough that four men were required to assist a lady from our ship into a boat at the side. I was thankful indeed that I had not to land at Tangier on that day. It seemed impossible that the little boats could get to the shore in safety. I am glad to report that they did.

Soon after leaving Tangier, the Captain called my attention to the wreck of a steamship some short distance to the south. This was all that was left of the *Delhi*, which, as you will remember, went ashore with the late Duke and the Duchess of Fife last winter. The Captain informed me that a very strong tide runs in that direction, so that, although one may hug Gibraltar, it is not at all difficult to be carried across to the other side. This illustrates once again the vanity and futility of referring to man as the master of the sea. In the course of a casual conversation with the first officer, he told me that he thought it was safer to live at sea than on land. Here, Sir, is a question for your readers to discuss this indoor weather.

ROTTERDAM AND THE HAGUE.

There is a large and efficient harbour at Rotterdam. A number of very pleasant-looking people were waiting to greet our boat as she drew alongside. Nobody, however, seemed at all excited—not even a young gentleman in a white waistcoat and brown boots who was meeting a little Javanese girl, who had come all the way from Java to marry him. We expected him to hurl himself into the water and swim out to the ship. Not at all. He was almost the last across the gangway, and, when he did meet the little Javanese girl, merely kissed her in brotherly fashion on one cheek.

There you have another leading characteristic of the real Dutchman. Compared with the Dutchman, the Englishman is a sheet of flame.

Having very little business in Rotterdam, since I had never intended to go there, I stepped aboard a train and went to The Hague. I wanted to see why it was The Hague. Why not Hague? I discovered, Sir, that "The Hague" means "The Little Garden," and that The Hague, renowned the world over for its Peace Conferences, began by being just a little garden. Now it is a splendid and a vast city, containing everything that goes to make a city luxurious and important.

I saw a huge building of red brick, rather like a cathedral. This is the new Palace of Peace, to which Mr. Carnegie has contributed some unimaginable sum. It is to be opened next year. Your Commissioner's blessings on its conferences.

SCHEVENINGEN.

After the Peace Palace, the chief glory and delight of The Hague—and of Rotterdam and all Holland, for that matter—is Scheveningen. Scheveningen—I shall know how to spell Scheveningen in a minute—is one of those places by the sea that only Mr. George R. Sims can adequately describe. You can eat and drink at one of a hundred places; you can dance; you can listen to one of a hundred bands; you can bathe; you can make love. Swift and smooth-running trams take you there from Rotterdam or The Hague. In thirty-six hours I went to Scheveningen four times. After the third time, the tram-conductors began to touch their caps. They looked upon me either as an old inhabitant or a lucrative lunatic.

On the following day I returned to England by one of the filthiest boats I have ever seen.

I have the honour, Sir, to conclude my report.



## FOR THOSE THE RAIN PREVENTED FROM SEEING THE FAIR.



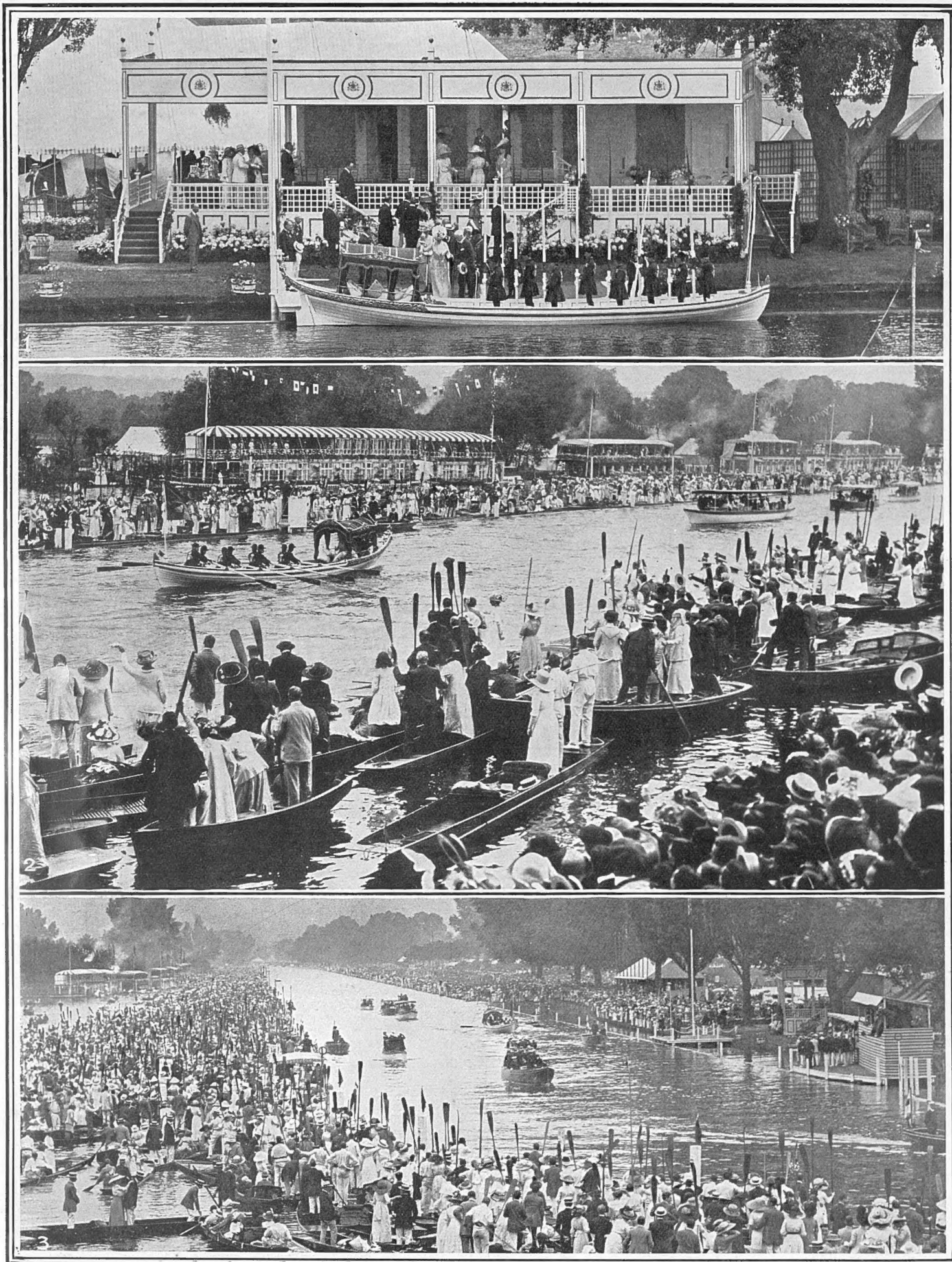
1. NOT AT ALL AMAZONIAN: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY IN THE GOLF CONTEST.
3. A REVIVAL OF "PLAYING WITH FIRE"? MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AT THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.
5. "I'VE BEEN TO THE BULL-FIGHT": MISS CONNIE EDISS AS THE BILBAO BEAUTY IN "OLD MADRID."
7. "TOMMY" AS FRUITERER AND FLORIST: MISS MARIE LÖHR SELLS BANANAS FROM THE TEMPLE OF FLORA.

2. AWKWARD TO SIT BEHIND AT THE THEATRE: GIANT MILLINERY AT MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON'S HAT-TRIMMING STAND.
4. THE BULL'S-EYE LOOK: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH IN THE ARCHERY COMPETITION.
6. NO DIFFICULTY TO FIND THE WOMAN IN THIS CASE: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH IN THE ARCHERY COMPETITION.
8. A TRUCULENT TRIO: DOÑA PHYLLIS DARE AS A SPANISH BELLE, MR. GEORGE BARRETT UNIFORMLY FUNNY, AS USUAL, AND THE MARCHESE DE GROSSMITH, OF "OLD MADRID."

We give these photographs for the benefit of those whom the deluge of rain kept away from the Theatrical Garden Party, held on the 2nd, at the Botanic Gardens, in aid of the Actors' Orphanage, and whose absence, it is estimated, decreased the receipts by about £2000. In spite of the weather the fun was fast and furious, for the profession is not easily depressed. At the bull-fight in "Old Madrid" wonderful feats were done by the Marchese de Grossmith, Don Edmondo Payne, and others; while Doña Phyllis Dare and La Connie Ediss (whose song "I've been to the Durbar" in "The Sunshine Girl" will be remembered) made charming Spanish belles. Miss Violet Vanbrugh, now playing in "Find the Woman," and her sister distinguished themselves in archery, as did Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, one of the Amazons. Another Amazon, Lady Thomasin (alias "Tommy"), in the person of Miss Marie Löhr, was in charge of a Temple of Flora. [Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations, Partridge's Pictorial Press, G.P.U., Underwood and Underwood, and C.N.]



## HENLEY'S FIRST SALUTE TO ROYALTY: A FOREST OF SCULLS.



1. THE ROYAL PARTY ADJOURN FOR LUNCH: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY THE KING, ENTERING THE STATE BARGE OUTSIDE THE ROYAL BOX.
2. THE GREAT FEATURE OF THIS YEAR'S REGATTA: THE STATE BARGE, WITH THEIR MAJESTIES ON BOARD, PASSING ALONG THE COURSE.
3. HENLEY SALUTES THE KING AND QUEEN FOR THE FIRST TIME: A FOREST OF OARS RAISED AS THE STATE BARGE PASSES.

On Saturday, the last day of the seventy-fourth annual regatta, Henley had the new sensation of giving a royal salute in the manner customary on the water—that is, by holding oars erect. As the State barge containing the King and Queen passed along the course the scene was most striking, for on either hand there was quite a forest of oars, sculls, paddles, and punt-poles held at the perpendicular. After the finals of the Ladies' Plate and the Stewards' Cup there was an adjournment for lunch, and their Majesties went down stream in the royal barge to Greenlands, the house of the Hon. W. F. D. Smith and Lady Esther Smith. They returned, again in the State barge, to the royal box by three o'clock, and later boarded the umpire's boat to follow the final of the Grand Challenge. When the Queen had presented the prizes, their Majesties again embarked in the State barge and were rowed up stream, amid a tempest of cheers, to the dock at Hobbs' boat-house, from which they walked to the station.

*Photographs by C.N. and Horace Nicholls*



# DID MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL REALLY NEED IT?

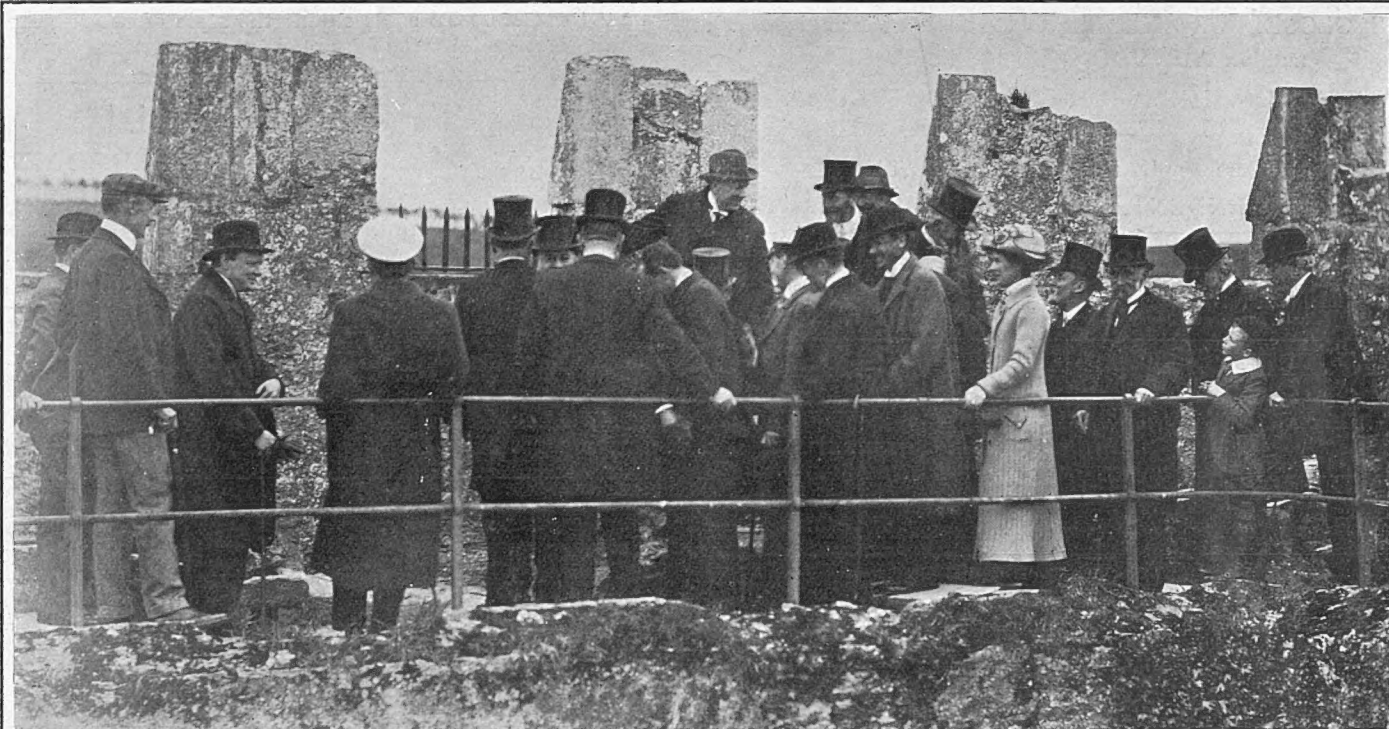
THE "FIRST LORD" ACQUIRING "BLARNEY" BY KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.



HELD BY THE HEELS TO KISS THE BLARNEY STONE; THE LORD MAYOR OF CORK TAKING MR. CHURCHILL BY THE LEGS ON THE TOP OF BLARNEY CASTLE.



ABOVE BLARNEY; THE "FIRST LORD" AND SIR JAMES LONG ON THE TOWER.



LEARNING "TO TALK OVER BY SOFT DELUSIVE SPEECHES": MR. CHURCHILL (THE THIRD FIGURE FROM THE LEFT) AT BLARNEY.



THE FIRST EFFECT OF INITIATION: MR. CHURCHILL LIGHTS A CIGAR AFTER KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE.



INSPIRED BY THE GROVES OF BLARNEY FOR THE POLITICAL FRAY: THE "FIRST LORD" LEAVING BLARNEY FOR CORK IN A MOTOR-CAR.

As mentioned on our front page, Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, visited Blarney Castle, near Cork, the other day, and kissed the famous Blarney Stone, the effect of which is thus described in the well-known ballad, "The Groves of Blarney." "There is a stone there That whoever kisses, O, he never misses. To grow eloquent. Don't hope to hinder him Or to bewilder him, Sure he's a pilgrim From the Blarney Stone." The verb "to blarney" is defined in the dictionary as "to talk over by soft delusive speeches." The Blarney Stone is fixed in the outer wall of the tower of Blarney Castle, just under the parapet at the top. The operation of kissing it is difficult, and the pilgrim has to have his legs held while performing it. This office was discharged for Mr. Churchill by the Lord Mayor of Cork, Sir James Long. We do not suppose Mr. Churchill required the gift either of blarney or of eloquence, but, of course, it is well to be on the safe side.—[Photographs by Hughes, Cork.]



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## THINGS NEW AT THE THEATRES.

THE Irish Company, pursuing quite a triumphant career at the Court Theatre, has presented a new play by Lady Gregory. This time it is not a brilliant farce but a short tragedy. The play is called "The Gaol Gate," and tells admirably a very pathetic story. Two women are waiting outside the gaol for the return to freedom of Dennis, son of one, husband of the other; little joy in their hearts at thought of his freedom, since they believe that he has gained it by turning informer. Suddenly, swiftly comes the discovery that they have been deceived, that Dennis was faithful to his comrades, and has been hanged for his fidelity. We are shown the momentary exultation of the women over the triumphant death of their loved one. It is quite beautifully written and was quite beautifully acted by Miss Sara Allgood, Miss Eithne Magee, and Mr. Sydney Morgan.

It was rather trying to see the revival of "Ben-My-Chree" at the new Prince's Theatre immediately after "The Gaol Gate," for the work by Mr. Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett cannot stand the comparison, and yet it may be that the audience at the new Prince's, which was quite enthusiastic over the Manx play and the acting of it, would not have been much moved by the Irish tragedy and tragedians. "Ben-My-Chree" is a play of the Ante-Ibsen era, very crude in technique and quite commonplace in style, but it certainly is to the taste of the patrons of the kind of Rus in Urbe constituted by the popular-price playhouse. Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, Miss Jessie Winter, and Mr. Austin Melford played the principal characters very well in the only style possible: if they were to adopt anything like the restrained method of the Irish actors, they would knock the play to pieces. To some extent the style of acting necessary for a drama is a useful test of its quality.

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ETON v. HARROW; WAR ON DOG-STEALERS; THE PRINCE OF WALES AT A FRENCH CLUB.

The Eton and Harrow Week.

That I should write "Eton and Harrow," and not "Harrow and Eton," is a proof how the traffic of the world rubs out old jealousies, and that, though Harrow will always be the school of all schools to me, I give Eton her place as the premier school of the world. The great match, the last of the big Society functions of the year, has become, through its very popularity, a less enjoyable gathering than it used to be in the 'seventies, when I was a boy at Harrow. The ground was not then ringed round with stands, as it is now, and there was abundant room for the carriages which were sent into the ground by every parent who really did his duty by those of his offspring who wore the light or the dark blue ties.

Cheers and Counter-Cheers.

Nowadays cheers and counter-cheers come with some little volume of sound from the Eton and Harrow forces on their respective sections of the mounds, but in the days when the stands were few, every carriage and every coach was a citadel of one side or the other, and if the small Eton boys who clustered on one carriage piped, "Well hit" in shrill treble, "Well fie-ie-ie-ielled" would come back in tones of defiance from the nearest Harrovian stronghold. The close of the match in those days was sometimes attended by a school-boy riot, in which silk hats were broken by umbrella-strokes and corn-flowers and forget-me-nots were torn from coat-lapels and thrown on the ground. No warrior of old issuing from a mêlée with hacked morion and with a captured banneret in hand was prouder than I was, on one of these occasions, when I went home with a new silk hat irretrievably damaged, but with a cane with a light-blue tassel in my hand, as well as my own trusty umbrella.

Atrocities of Costume.

A dark-blue tassel tied on to the handle of stick or umbrella was, in those days, considered a necessary part of one's kit for the Lord's exeat, and the Harrow tailors used to sell badges of blue ribbons with crossed silver arrows which were triumphs of ugliness.

A "buttonhole" of blue-and-white flowers, the colours of the Harrow eleven, superseded the badges while I was still at school, but I do not know at what period the boys finally defied the tailors and would have nothing to say to blue tassels. The dark-blue and light-blue ties have vanished also, and the Harrow or Eton boy going to Lord's no longer is decked out as though he were a Jack-in-the-Green.

The Dog-Stealers.

That war is being waged against the dog-stealers is a mighty good thing. Most of us have suffered at one time or another from their activity, and a large number of people have contravened the law and paid a ransom for their stolen favourites rather than take the chance of the dogs being killed or sent abroad, if the police are put on the track of the thieves. There used to be a quite agreeable person, known to most owners of valuable dogs, who, in return for a quite small yearly subscription, guaranteed that the dogs of subscribers should not be stolen, or, if such a mistake did occur, that the dogs should be returned at once with a suitable apology. Nowadays, there seems to be no accredited agent of this kind, and the slouching man with a cap well over his eyes and a wrapper round his neck, who leaves a greasy note saying how the dog may be "heard of," never stays to be interviewed.

**A Pet Poodle.** My loss at the hands of the dog-stealers dates back many years now. I have never kept a dog in London since an old black poodle of whom I was very fond was spirited away and held for ransom. The dog was old and crippled by rheumatism, and nobody but his master would have given a shilling for him. I offered a liberal reward, but the ill-spelt, dirty scraps of paper which reached me demanded double the amount. Then I went for aid to a firm of private detectives, and had some rather exciting experiences in the haunts of the dog-stealers, but though I was constantly near the dog, I never saw him, and was eventually told, by letter, that he had been killed, and that I might save myself the trouble of hunting for him. Such an experience as that was sufficient for a life-time.

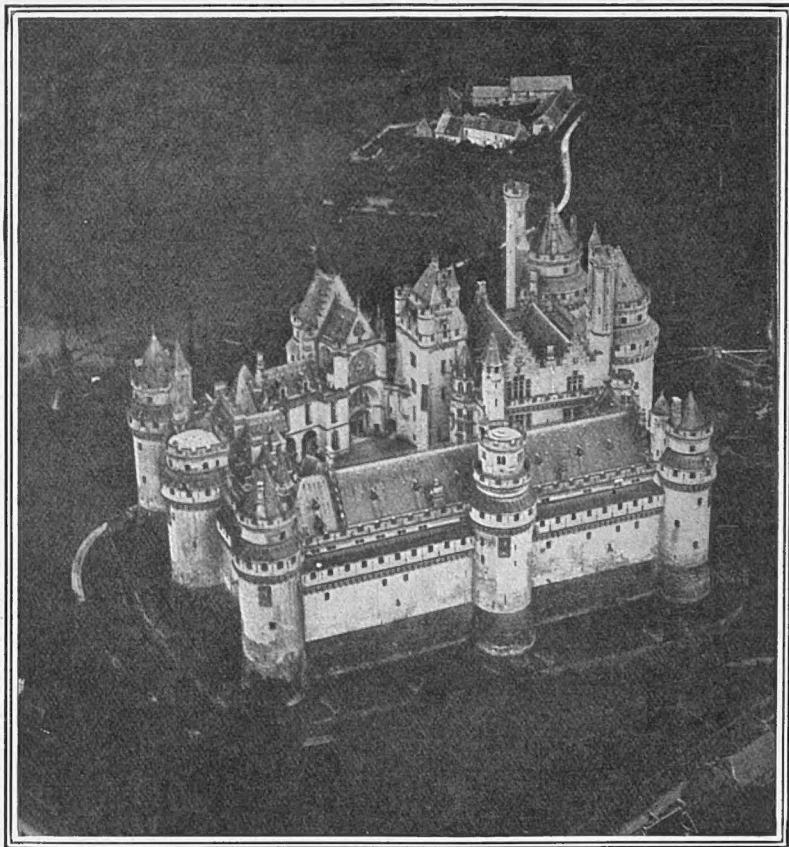
The Prince and the Students.

The Prince of Wales has been introduced to the members of the Students' Club in the Rue de la Boucherie, on the far side of the river, and his introducer was M. Lépine, the head of the police, who is the most popular of Parisians. As a rule, when a policeman enters a students' club, it is not on the most friendly of errands, but M. Lépine is a great favourite of the students, and whenever there has been an uproar in the Quartier, his personal intervention has generally put an end to it, for the students appreciate the absolute fearlessness of the little man with the white beard. Our little Prince saw in the Students' Club a most admirable establishment, and met some very charming young Frenchmen. I fancy, however, that M. Lépine could show the Prince, if he were a little older, some far more amusing sides of student life.



DELIVERER OF THE LATE MR. W. T. STEAD'S FIRST MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER WORLD. MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE SOUL, CHICAGO.

A remarkable discourse, purporting to emanate from the late Mr. W. T. Stead, and describing his experiences in the "Titanic" disaster and after his death therein, was delivered recently by his friend, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Pastor of the Church of the Soul, Chicago, at the Masonic Temple there. Mrs. Richmond first met Mr. Stead in the early eighties at Darlington, where he was editing a paper. His book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," was written after a visit to that city. Mrs. Richmond last met him at the Hague Peace Conference in 1907, and heard from him shortly before he left in the "Titanic." He had some intention of visiting Chicago again. A fuller account of the above-mentioned discourse is given on another page.



THE IMPERIAL EAGLE'S NEST AS SEEN BY THE MODERN KING OF THE AIR. THE CHÂTEAU OF PIERREFONDS FROM A FRENCH AIRSHIP.

Pierrefonds is one of the most beautiful of the French fortresses of the Middle Ages. It was restored by the order of Napoleon III., under the supervision of the architect Viollet-le-Duc, and its name furnishes the pseudonym under which the Empress Eugénie now travels. The existing château was built, on the site of an older one, between 1398 and 1406, by the Duc d'Orléans, brother of Charles VI. It stood many sieges by the English and others. Richelieu dismantled it, and during the Revolution the ruins were sold for 8100 francs. Napoleon I. bought them in 1813. One may safely say that its builders never dreamed that such a view of the castle as the above would ever be possible.





ON an ingenuous invitation-card for a garden-party with a purpose, the Duchess of Norfolk makes Arundel Castle seem very accessible. She almost runs it up to Town. In the first place, the object of her At Home,

—given “in connection with Mr. Norman Potter’s work for boys and social efforts in South London,”—is set forth. “It will be necessary,” the copper-plate continues, “kindly to show this card at the Station and at the Castle.” Forget the card, and you will never penetrate those stout walls, nor be admitted to the special trains that run from Victoria and Brighton at a reduced fare. The time-table, on the back of the card, leaves nothing unsaid. The man of money who, when he was asked why he travelled third class,

THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND: LADY DIANA MANNERS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

answered, “because there’s no fourth,” would make a miserable journey. There is no choice in this case; and “The Reception will take place, Wet or Fine,” ends a sensible piece of literature.

*The Lance and the Ambulance.*

A touch of realism is given to the Tourney at “Shakespeare’s England” by the presence of doctors and surgeons, armed, not with banners and spears, but with needles and bandages. And, in truth, the record of the gentle knights justifies

FORMERLY MISS RUBY LINDSAY: MRS. RALPH PETO.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

their readiness. The Duke of Westminster, who is always hurting himself, is not taking part in a mêlée where he would for once have been bound to hurt somebody else, but he is represented by his relative, Lord Crichton. Lord Tweedmouth and Lord Ashby St. Ledgers are respectively described in polo annals as “a wonderful hitter, inclined to be wild,” and “plays a hard game.” Mr. F. E. Smith is fast almost to the point of recklessness—in a motor-car; and the Duke of Marlborough has a fair share of Churchill dash. Lord Craven and Earl Winterton are both, it is said, capable of breaking heads. But whose?

*Remembered Hungers.* It is not certain that Mr.

WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED BARRISTER: MRS. RAYMOND ASQUITH.

Photograph by Beresford.

McKenna has faithfully sampled the almost daily tongue-and-claret hospitalities of the Home Office to persons called in to confer with officials; but Mr. Winston Churchill is



DAUGHTER OF LORD SACKVILLE: THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE-WEST.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

Reid. The crush at the Embassy was formidable enough, and the banquet crowned the hard labours of the day. But the celebration has its uses, almost its necessities, for certain people who,

establishing a precedent in such matters for future First Lords. At a great review held before his advent at the Admiralty, the Press, comprising representatives of many of the greatest European papers, was bidden on board H.M.S. *Seahorse* and taken out to sea. No bells sounded for lunch or tea: they had not been ordered. This year, “luncheon and tea will be provided on board the vessel,” is the friendly official intimation.

*Independence?* Independence Day was a day of subjection—not to say slavery—for Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw

after long residence in Europe, have become somewhat dubious of hitching their wagons to the Stars and Stripes. “Lest we forget” is the motto of the occasion for men like Mr. Henry James, for instance, or Mr. John Sargent. Mr. Henry James, by the way, was seen to escape the ordeal of the British Academy’s supper the other night; he listened to speeches, and slipped obscurely away before the linking of arms. And perhaps he shows the same artifice in evasions when Dorchester House holds revel. He has his own Independence—all days the year round.

“Still at Sea.” While London now thinks and talks of the *Titanic* only at odd intervals, all passengers on the Atlantic are still engrossed in melancholy retrospection. The normal good spirits of the liners has not been altogether recovered. On some boats the reaction against luxury has gone so far as to let people give up dressing for dinner “No-body sings,” writes one passenger, “and there is hardly any general conversation.” Meanwhile, Washington still grieves for one of its dead—a man of considerable achievement and greater promise. He was greatly attached to a lady in England, and though their regard was mutual, he had not won her before going on board the *Titanic*. His last gift was a newly taken photograph. “Write something on it,” she said. “Still at sea,” he wrote, and started on his last fatal journey.



WIFE OF VISCOUNT ACHESON: LADY ACHESON.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WELL KNOWN IN SOCIETY: MISS MURIEL WILSON.

After the Painting by Sir W. Richmond, R.A.

“WAYTING LADY” OF THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY: TO RIDE IN ATTENDANCE ON VISCOUNTESS CURZON AT THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.



FORMERLY MISS MURIEL PAGET: MRS. RUPERT BECKETT.

Photograph by Mendelssohn.



WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED BARRISTER: MRS. RAYMOND ASQUITH.

Photograph by Beresford.



DAUGHTER OF LORD ANNALY: THE HON. LUCIA WHITE.

Photograph by Topical.



DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL: COUNTESS ZIA TORBY.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



"MODELS TO THE UNIVERSE": SOME GRAND PRIX CREATIONS.



1. THE PINAFORE STYLE: A NOVEL SCHEME OF TRIMMING SEEN AT LONGCHAMP.

2. THE "LOOPING THE LOOP" STYLE; OR, THE "SOMETHING TO CARRY IT BY."

3. AN ORIGINAL MUSLIN MUFF TRIMMED WITH CHERRIES: AN AUTEUIL CONFECTION.

4. THE EARLY VICTORIAN STYLE: A BACK VIEW AT AUTEUIL.

5. THE "SHOW A PRETTY ANKLE" STYLE: A STUDY IN STRIPES.

The Grand Prix at Longchamp, like Ascot, is always an occasion for the display by the ladies of wonderful costumes representing the *dernier cri* in feminine fashions. To quote from a book reviewed on our "Literary Lounger" page, "The Modern Parisienne," in a chapter on Parisian dress—"Paris is the capital of fashion, and every day from its headquarters issue the decrees of the sovereign. Parisiennes are compelled to pose as models to the universe, and to reclothe themselves at the beginning of each new season according to the caprice of her sumptuary laws."—[Photographs by Sport and General, Underwood and Underwood, and C.N.]





By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

THERE is enough gas in the ordinary man to fill a gasometer of 3640 feet. Then, if  $x$  equals the ordinary man, how much gas is there in a Republican or Democratic delegate at Chicago or Baltimore?

#### TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

(By One About to Take a Holiday.)

Most excellent and seely clerk,  
(That word is Chaucer's, please remark),  
If in your heart there glows a spark  
Of what we term humanity,  
Now that my holiday's begun,  
Pray curb your humid sense of fun,  
Grant me that wealth of summer sun  
Without which all is vanity.

For while I dawdle by the sea,  
Become of golf a devotee,  
Or show in climbing Benma-Chree  
Unwonted muscularity,  
The others may be dark and drear  
If this one month in all the year  
Has skies unclouded, bright and clear,  
Accorded of your charity.

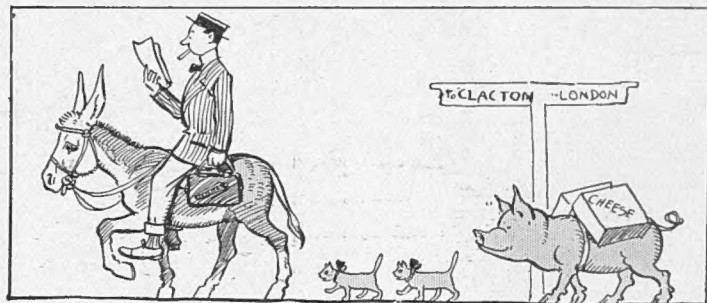
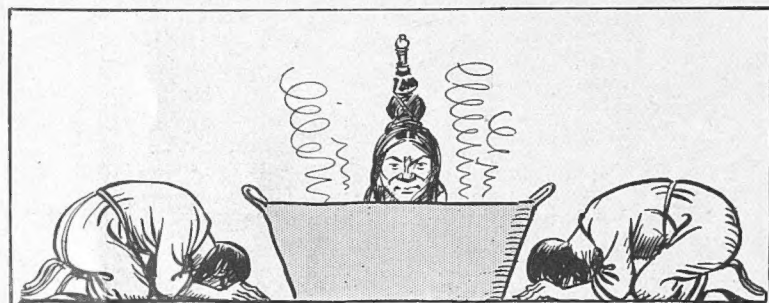


"Dame" is the title by which the better sort of Government-stamped cooks and housemaids are to be known in the future. Let us hope that the innovation will cause the householder to substitute the "e" for the "n" in the opening word of his usual remarks on domestic matters.

"Roosevelt-Bryan" badges are not objected to by Mr. Roosevelt's followers, so long as he is to be nominated for President and Mr. Bryan for Vice-President. As the Vice-Presidency is accounted the same thing as political death, Mr. Roosevelt can afford to be generous this time.

Speaking at the unveiling of the statue in Gray's Inn, Mr. Balfour remarked that, considering the times he lived in, Bacon was very lucky not to have been burnt. And in these even more confused times we, too, think ourselves very lucky at breakfast if he is not.

Among the prizes offered at a Chelsea bazaar are a donkey, a pig, two kittens, a gorgonzola cheese, and several week-ends at Clacton. This is mighty convenient. All you have to do is to choose your week-ends, ride the donkey down to Clacton, live on rashers and cheese, and play with the kittens while you smoke your after-dinner pipe.



My Lords and Gentlemen, pray silence for the Mayor of Westminster: "It is far easier for a doctor to persuade a man to have his appendix removed than to sleep with his window open." Of course it is. You can only have your appendix dug up once, whereas popping up and down to open and shut a window is an everlasting nuisance.

But Paddington is strong on sanitation, though in some parts you would not guess it, and every tenement lodger has to have his bedroom window open two hours every day, under a £5 penalty. Why go to the East Coast when the bedrooms of Paddington are so bracing?

Highlanders in Paris have got to wear pink tights over those bare knees, for fear of shocking the gendarmes. And yet the tailors in London have been asking us to wear kilts, as if we were not many degrees more moral than the French police.

And now here is somebody proposing that we should wear paper underclothes, to save the expense of washing. Yes, and betray ourselves by the horrible crackling we should make in walking, and get peacefully picketed in the neck by infuriated washerwomen!

Incipient law-breakers have been unveiling a statue to that anti-stamp-licker, John Hampden. But perhaps the fact that Hampden struck against taxes for strengthening the Navy may be considered some mitigation of the crime.



#### THE TEMPERANCE BURNS.

(Someone has made the futile remark that if Robbie Burns had lived in later times he would have been an ardent Temperance advocate. It would have been better for his health, but this is the sort of thing he would have written.)

Oh, Willie flang awa' his maut  
When Rob and Allan cam' to tea,  
Three blither hearts that lee-lang nicht  
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

Here are we met, three laithfu' boys,  
Three bluntie boys, I trow, are we,  
And mony a nicht we've bousing been,  
And mony mae we hope to be.

It is the moon, I ken her horn  
That's blinking in the lift sae hie,  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth, she'll stop for tea.

CHORUS. We are nae fou, we're nae that fou,  
We have a crabbit drouth for tea;  
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
And aye we'll taste the Indy bree!

White hair is so valuable nowadays that it is worth more than its weight in gold when made up into curls. To read the advertisements about mixtures for restoring hair to its natural colour no one would imagine that some of our elders carried a little goldmine on their heads.

The survey-ship *Planet* reports that the greatest depth of the sea — over thirty-two thousand feet — occurs north of the Philippine Islands. This has been officially promulgated as a warning to bathers in those parts who cannot swim.





## LORDS OF LORD'S: No. III.—"C. B."



## THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON OF SPORT: MR. C. B. FRY, THE TRIPLE BLUE AND ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN.

Mr. C. B. Fry may well be called our greatest, most brilliant athlete, and to his prowess in these fields must be added a scholastic career of the highest merit. Charles Burgess Fry was educated at Repton, and from this public school went up to Wadham College, Oxford, with a senior scholarship. He soon took an outstanding position in every branch of athletics: he was Captain of the Oxford University Association Football Club, President of the Oxford University Athletic Club, and Captain of the Oxford University Cricket Club—all in 1893. The demands upon his time made by this extraordinary record did not prevent him from getting a first in Mods, and taking honours in Literæ Humaniores. After leaving the 'Varsity he played several times for Surrey, but, his value not being sufficiently recognised by that county, he migrated to Sussex, when he started a career of unparalleled brilliance. Since 1909 he has played for Hampshire, being qualified by his residence in that county, where he is Hon. Director-in-Charge of the training-ship "Mercury." His achievements in first-class cricket are too manifold to enumerate.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

QUEEN BESS ON THE STAGE: DRAMA LITERALLY ELIZABETHAN.

### Queen Bess in Drama.

The last scene in "Henry VIII.," one of Sir Herbert Tree's most successful ventures, presented the christening of the daughter of the unlucky Anne Boleyn, so it is not altogether surprising that in the next new drama at His Majesty's Theatre Queen Elizabeth is to play an important part. "Drake" is the name of the coming work, whose author is Mr. L. N. Parker, and I have been reading a rather amusing puff preliminary about the suitability of the hour to the piece, and patriotism of motive, etc. As a "blue-water school" believer in a big Navy, I am rather against Armada plays, upon the ground of their tending to show how, when we were in a far worse state of unpreparedness than even Lord Charles pretends is now the case, we easily thrashed a vastly superior fleet. Queen Elizabeth has been a figure in a large number of dramas: the commonest type is the work in which there figures some one of the many gentlemen who won her heart, carrying on a moral intrigue with some lady of the Court, both lovers being in terror as to what will happen when Elizabeth hears of their betrothal. "Merrie England," for which Edward German wrote such delightful music, is a capital specimen of this type. One more recent was the "Sir Walter Raleigh" of Mr. William Devereux, distinguished for its brilliant originality in omitting the "i" in spelling the hero's name.

**Playing at Bowls.** My recollection of "Raleigh" is almost confined to a capital performance by Miss Emery in the part of the Queen—in which, by-the-bye, she proved quite satisfactorily and very agreeably that she was representing a Queen of England and not of Spain. Miss Emery, when she reads the preliminary "pars." concerning "Drake," with a reference to the scene in which is to be reproduced, "the well-known picture of Drake and his comrades playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe," may remember that in the year when "Ben-My-Chree" was introduced to the stage, she was the heroine—a very delightful heroine, too—of a Drury Lane drama called "The Armada," in which we had "an exact reproduction of the picture by Seymour Lucas, A.R.A., of 'The Game of Bowls at Plymouth Hoe.'" Sometimes the love-story in which Elizabeth plays the part of "odd man out" takes a tragic turn, as in the versions of "Kenilworth," of which, under that name of "Amy Robsart," I find records of a baker's dozen. Perhaps I ought to say that several of them were burlesques. Nowadays a burlesque on such a topic would not be well received: taste changes, and the fashion for burlesques on everything, anything—

or in reality, nothing—has gone. No grievance this, though much good might be done by really intelligent burlesque of some of the pretentious nonsense produced. I mean the burlesque that is not a mere matter of song and dance, or a "potting" of superficial physical aspects, but one making fun mainly by the *reductio ad absurdum* of the solemn tomfoolery which often passes as drama.



A PICTURE IN THE PARIS SALON WHICH MIGHT ALMOST REPRESENT THE CHIEF SCENE IN "CONCHITA," "FIANCES ANDALOUS," WHICH MIGHT WELL BE NAMED "MATEO AND CONCHITA AGAINST THE PATIO."

By a remarkable coincidence, a picture in this year's Salon in Paris, M. Jean Sala's "Fiances Andalous," reproduces almost exactly the principal scene in Zandonai's new opera "Conchita," produced the other day, for the first time in London, at Covent Garden. The scene in question is the one in which the capricious Conchita, having been given the key of a house which her lover Mateo has prepared for her, coquets with him through the grille when he comes to see her there, and then laughs at him, pretends to have another lover, and refuses to admit him.

in his sort of love-scene between Elizabeth and Shakespeare, was anticipated by a French librettist. The author of the book for Ambroise Thomas' "Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été"—at least, I think so—or a prologue to it, causes the Maiden Queen to discover the poet-dramatist asleep, and awaken him with a kiss: it will be observed, he was merely stealing the story of Elizabeth's rival and the French poet Chastelard.

### Elizabeth and Mary Stuart.

After all, the most famous treatment of Elizabeth for the stage has been in "Marie Stuart," a drama which has had a great vogue on the Continent—thanks mainly to the big scene between Mary and Elizabeth, which, like the quarrel scene in "Frou-Frou," has always been very attractive to leading ladies. There is one quaint story connected with the great Rachel. During the absence on tour of the famous Swiss Jewess, a cabal in Paris endeavoured to set up in her place, as Queen of the French stage, one Mlle. Maxime, whose praises were loudly trumpeted by Jules Janin. Back rushed Rachel, "Marie Stuart" was put into the bill at the Français, and in the great scene, where the newcomer acted the part of Elizabeth, Rachel played her slap off the stage, and routed her so thoroughly that she fled to the provinces and took to letting lodgings instead of acting. In modern times we have had no versions of Schiller's play, unless, indeed, Ristori's Marie Stuart is regarded as modern. Students of the stage are aware that the unfortunate Mlle. Maxime of whom I have just been writing was avenged later on by the triumph of Ristori over Rachel when the latter was in her decline.

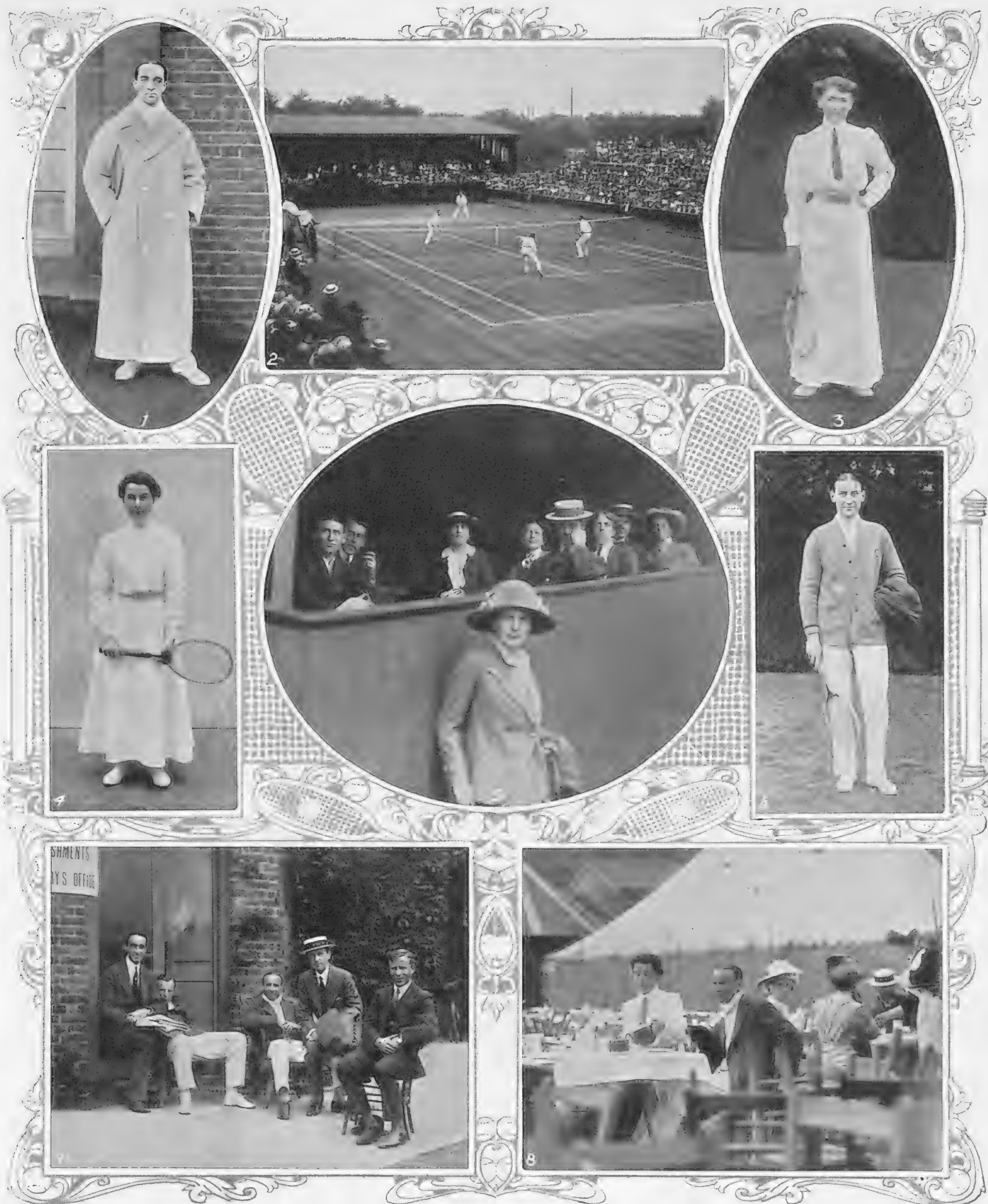
### Bess and Elizabeth on "G. B. S."

The latest our London stage was in Mr. Shaw's little play, "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," where she was brilliantly played by Miss Suzanne Sheldon. The "G. B. S." treatment would not have suited Queen Bess, for the author is not much of a flatterer of anybody or thing, and she liked her flattery fulsome—so fulsome that I believe no one ventured to put her on the stage during the Elizabethan period. It would not have been safe; Elizabeth, as Censor, would have used an axe, not a blue pencil. By-the-bye, "G. B. S.,"

E. E. S. (MONOCLE.)



## ON THE COURT AND OFF: PROTAGONISTS AT WIMBLEDON.



1. BEATEN BY ANOTHER FRENCHMAN, M. GOBERT, IN THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES: M. MAX DÉCUGIS.
2. AN EXCITING MATCH IN THE GENTLEMEN'S DOUBLES (LEFT TO RIGHT): MESSRS. A. E. BEAMISH AND J. C. PARKE (THE NEARER PAIR) DEFEATING MESSRS. S. N. DOUST AND A. F. WILDING.
3. A WINNER OF FIVE CHAMPIONSHIPS: MRS. STERRY, WHO BEAT MISS E. D. HOLMAN IN THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE LADIES' SINGLES.
4. LADY CHAMPION FOR THE FIRST TIME: MRS. LARCOMBE, WHO BEAT MRS. STERRY IN THE FINAL.

5. PLAYERS AS LOOKERS-ON (LEFT TO RIGHT): M. A. H. GOBERT, MISS D. P. BOOTHBY, MRS. MCNAIR (NEXT TO MISS BOOTHBY) AND MRS. LAMBERT CHAMBERS (THIRD FROM THE RIGHT).
6. VICTORIOUS OVER HIS COMPATRIOT, M. DÉCUGIS, IN THE GENTLEMEN'S SINGLES: M. A. H. GOBERT.
7. OFF THE COURT (LEFT TO RIGHT): MESSRS. MAX DÉCUGIS, A. F. WILDING, J. C. PARKE, GERMOT, AND S. N. DOUST, WAITING THEIR TURN TO PLAY.
8. PRACTISING STROKES UNKNOWN IN LAWN-TENNIS: MR. J. C. PARKE NURSES THE CLUB CAT AT TEA-TIME.

In the semi-finals of the All-England Championships at Wimbledon there was an exciting match between the two Frenchmen, MM. Gobert and Décugis. M. Gobert won, but in the final was beaten by Mr. A. W. Gore. In the Doubles the Irish pair, Messrs. J. C. Parke and A. E. Beamish, beat Messrs. A. F. Wilding and S. N. Doust after a great struggle. Mr. Wilding, who had to meet Mr. Gore in the Singles Championship, recently published a book called "On the Court and Off." In the Ladies' Singles, Mrs. Larcombe defeated Mrs. Sterry, who in her time has won five championships. The holder, Mrs. Lambert Chambers, did not defend her title. Mrs. McNair, with Mr. R. J. McNair, beat Baron O. von Bissing and Miss B. Tulloch in the second round of the Open Mixed Doubles.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



A GRACEFUL PLAYER :  
COUNTESS ZIA TORBY,  
ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE  
GRAND DUKE MICHAEL

Kiel Regatta. On board the *Araguaya*, the liner chartered by the Royal Thames Yacht Club, of which he is Rear Commodore, he had entertained his mother, Lady Alexander Paget, and his sister, Viscountess Ingestre, Baron and Baroness von Kulmann, and Mr. Hugo Wemyss. The regatta, it is thought, was not the only topic in the family circle! And as the two hundred other passengers on board included so many close friends of the Rear Commodore, it seemed hopeless to bring them back to England, let them loose on Society, and yet keep all rumours of the engagement dark. That is why Lord Anglesey democratically telegraphed the news from Paris to the daily Press.

With the foresight of othersex, Mrs. John Gilliatt knew that even if she kept her title, she would not long be the only

THAT presentations should be the preliminaries of all commands to Court Balls is a rule very dear to the heart of officialdom. It is so often repeated, that no common or garden-party Peeress would ever attempt to prove it, and her own powers, by seeking to be made an exception. And yet when Mr. Borden, and other distinguished Canadians, find themselves in London, no question is made of the hidden powers that dispense them from paying their respects at Buckingham Palace—in order to secure the joys of the State Ball. Lord Strathcona's word is, in all such matters, the wisdom of the Lord Chamberlain.

The Open Secret. The Anglesey engagement was announced immediately on Lord Anglesey's return from



THE YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL: COUNTESS NADA TORBY.

A RIVAL TO THE CONTESTS AT WIMBLEDON? :  
THE "CHAMPIONSHIPS" OF THE GRAND DUKE  
MICHAEL'S PRIVATE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

Photographs by J. Woodland Fullwood.



WHERE THE GRAND DUKE'S TOURNAMENT WAS CONTESTED: KEN WOOD, THE HAMPSTEAD HOME OF THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND THE COUNTESS TORBY.

Marchioness of Anglesey. Like Mrs. Arthur Leveson, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, and the Baroness Eckhardstein, she decided to put by her title on marrying a commoner—new men, new manners of address. And it may be recalled that when she did so, there were already rumours of an alliance between Lord Anglesey and a ducal house. Had those rumours been justified, there would have been additional reason for Mrs. John Gilliatt's change of name. Less persistent, but

curiously connected with the other matrimonial gossip, was the wholly idle coupling of Lady Marjorie Manners' name with that of a royal suitor.

Convent Conventions.

The announcement that Lord Ashburnham's only daughter is renouncing all that she is heir to is somewhat precipitate. To enter a convent, it should be known, is one of the least hasty of all actions. Lady Mary Ashburnham now goes into a convent, but only as a novice; she is engaged, so to say, but not married. For three years she must wait, however impatient she may be to renounce the world, before she is admitted to her final vows. And during her novitiate, neither she nor her superiors take the future for granted. Her vast fortune is alienated only when, taking nothing else, she takes the veil.

At Stafford House. The unusually heavy rain drove all the Duchess of Sutherland's tweed-gathering visitors into Stafford House at the last of her great sales. The unexpected inrush of people saw—the unexpected. Rooms that had not been prepared for them were thrown open and vistas were discovered, not of mirrors and gilt, but of ladders and brown paper. If Stafford House will shortly receive no more her multitudinous guests, far more interesting than the fate of the house itself is the future housing of its present mistress. Whither could she go—where is there room for her splendid entertainments and lavish

charities? That some sort of a Sutherland establishment is to be set up in Canada is common knowledge among her friends. As for England, her talk of desiring a cottage above all things may



WHEN THE KING SERVES: KING MANOEL'S VERY STRENUOUS PLAY.



HIS FAVOURITE SMASHING STROKE: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AT THE NET.



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SKIRTING THE QUESTION.



MRS. SCHMIDT: I wonder if these hobble skirts will ever go out?  
MR. SCHMIDT: Not with me!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## POOR POMBO! OR, WOMAN THE INEXPLICABLE.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

"PHYLLIS," I cried, "you are in love!"

"Well," answered Phyllis defiantly, "have I not been engaged for two years?"

"Engaged for two years, but in love to-day! Phyllis, Phyllis, I like, but fear, that look of delightful discomfort on your face."

Phyllis brought down her fist into the downy depths of a cushion. "I tell you," she said, with furious chastity, "I am not in love, I am in a rage!"

"That is better, but not so good."

"I have no right to be in love."

"If it is unrighteous love, we will call it, in proper English, infatuation; but why has not one the right to fall in love with one's fiancé?"

"Oh, poor Pombo," sighed Phyllis, "I was not thinking of him—though I am very fond of Pombo, of course, poor old thing; I'd be awfully sorry if he were to break his —"

"Paw," I suggested. "Oh, I beg your pardon, darling, I was thinking of the neighbour's dog—that's how one speaks of the neighbour's dog, you know."

Let me properly introduce Phyllis. She is my young friend, my very young friend—so young, indeed, that I am not sure that it is to her advantage to be on terms of intimacy with a married woman like me. She resembles me, but is infinitely nicer and "gooder"; also much less intelligent. She feeds on poetry and listens to more music than is good for her nerves. She comes to see me at odd times, sometimes at three months' interval. She is engaged to an ugly and bad-tempered Spaniard for the only reason that he loves her; that is Phyllis.

"Ma petite," I say sternly, "if you will not explain frankly to me those fierce cheeks, destructive fingers, and feverish eyes, you had much better let me work."

Phyllis kicked one shoe viciously inside my fender and gave me the following extraordinary information:

"Yesterday we sat on the trunk of a felled tree in a forest like a cathedral."

"You and Pombo?"

"No, poor Pombo! he is in Spain just now, building a house for me."

"It has always been known to be a profitless occupation. . . . So it was with another man you sat? Good-looking?"

"Heaps," she said, "but I sat far away from him."

"You should not have been so obvious; that 'farness' must have made him conceited."

Phyllis' nails scratched horribly against the satin of the cushion. "Conceited?" she said, "he is hateful! I—I dislike him—and everything about him."

"Is it instinct?" I mused. He seemed too beautiful to be true. I stared at Phyllis with wonder—she who would not say "bo" to a fly, she was actually shaking with the most inexplicable anger. "Surely," I remonstrated, "it is not a sufficient reason because a man is not your type to hate him so!"

"That's not all," gulped Phyllis; "I was as disagreeable as I could be; I



THE CROWN PRINCE  
BORIS OF BULGARIA.

Photograph by Wolts.

never looked at him—except when he could not see me do it. And . . . and when I thought I had thoroughly impressed him as to how indifferent I was to him—what do you think he asked?"

I looked at Phyllis, tremulous, humble, and almost tiresomely artless. "He asked," I said, "for a —"

"No," she cried, with shame vivid on her neck, "much worse; he asked if—I if I were angry because he did not make love to me!"

"The fiend!" I laughed. "How well he knows women!"

"But not me, not me!" Phyllis protested with tears of rage. "I told him that I detested him, that at the very way he said 'love' my toes curled and made holes in my stockings —"

"Most unwise toes, Phyllis; holes have to be mended, you know."

"I told him that if he and I were the only survivors of an earthquake he might wear his beautifully creased trousers baggy from kneeling to me, that I then, the Essential I, would sit on a cloud, laugh at him between my eyelashes, and twirl my thumbs like a goddess."

"Do goddesses do that? Never mind, Phyllis, he may yet have smallpox, and you—peace."

"Anyway," cried Phyllis fiercely, "now he knows how I hate him, now he understands —"

"I am afraid he does," I said, taking one of her hot hands and blowing gently on its palm. "Poor Pombo!"



REPORTED BETROTHED TO PRINCE BORIS OF BULGARIA THROUGH THE MEDIATION OF A KINDLY EMPEROR: PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.

The reported betrothal of Princess Elizabeth of Roumania to the Crown Prince of Bulgaria is said to have been attended by specially romantic circumstances. The Prince, so the story goes, fell in love with the portrait of the beautiful Roumanian Princess. Owing to political reasons, there was a difficulty in arranging the match, but the Emperor Francis Joseph, whose sympathy with the love-affairs of young people is well known, intervened and rendered the betrothal possible. Prince Boris, though born in the same year as the Princess Elizabeth, is nearly nine months older. Princess Elizabeth is the eldest daughter of the heir to the throne of Roumania—Prince Ferdinand, who is the second son of the King's brother.

Photographs by Chusseau-Flaviens.



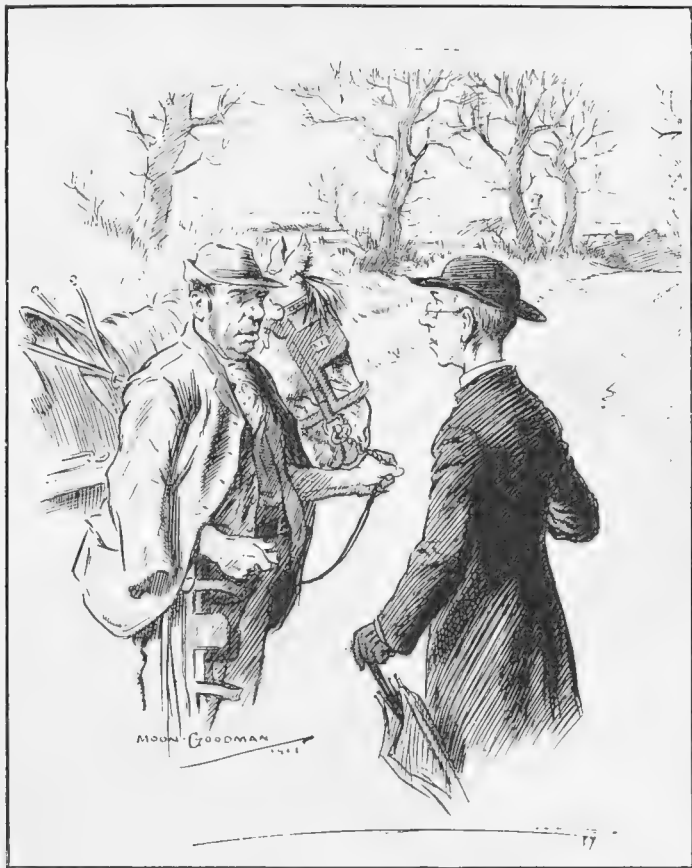
THE MARRIAGE OF THE DAUGHTER OF OUR GREAT ACTOR-MANAGER: MISS VIOLA TREE AND MR. ALAN PARSONS, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED ON JULY 11.

Miss Viola Tree, daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and so well known as an actress and a singer, is to be married to-morrow, July 11, to Mr. Alan Parsons, son of the Rev. F. W. Parsons, Vicar of Tandridge, Surrey, and Rural Dean of Godstone.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



ARGUMENTA AD HOMINEM.



PARISHIONER (to Locum Tenens, who, a few Sundays previous, was asked to pray for Lucy Gray): Yer needn't pray for Lucy Gray no more, Parson.  
 LOCUM TENENS: Ah! and is the poor soul dead, then?  
 PARISHIONER: Oh, no, Sir; nothing like that: she won by over two lengths—it were a fine race.

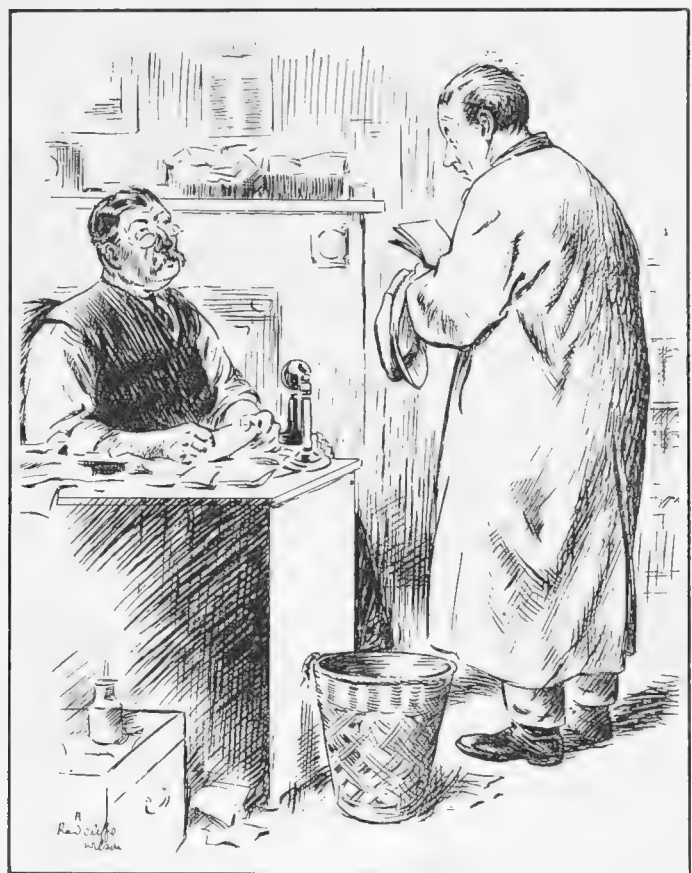
DRAWN BY MOON-GOODMAN.



TAKING HIS PLEASURES SERIOUSLY.

This is a portrait of Jones reviewing his day's golf by the aid of his "card," and yet he swears there is nothing to equal a round of golf for keen enjoyment.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



MANAGER (to cinematograph operator): Did you ride on the buffers of the Scotch express from London to Edinburgh yesterday?  
 OPERATOR: Yes, Sir.  
 MANAGER: And got some good films of the Lancashire strike riot?  
 OPERATOR: Yes, Sir.  
 MANAGER: Well, for to-day I've booked you a passage on an aeroplane for a cross-Channel flight, and as the airman is only a beginner you will have a grand opportunity for getting some unique films of an aeroplane smash.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



GREEN FOOD.

FADDIST: Ah, there's another thing. You know, I never eat butcher's meat.

WEARY HOTEL PROPRIETOR: No, no, Madam; of course not. We always get ours at the greengrocer's.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



### THE SULTANAS OF THE WEST: THE ADORABLY FEMININE PARISIENNES.

IN a book\* as fascinating as its subject, M. Octave Uzanne has written out the results of his study of the modern Parisienne in all her multifarious activities. He has studied them all, in every class and in every profession (including the oldest), and the one quality common to them all which he discovers is—femininity. "The Parisienne," he says, "is adorably feminine; the gamesome manner, which is her chief weapon—her carriage, her behaviour, her smile, her chatter—all these have a wonderful harmony and precision: they are all the expression of a perfect art, without affectation. . . . Parisian women are the Sultanas of the West. Shopkeepers, work-girls, bourgeoises, actresses, courtesans, and society women pass quickly, lightly, radiantly before the eyes of their admirers, like houris in Mohammed's heaven, shedding an intoxicating charm about them."

#### An Infernal Seraglio.

But M. Uzanne does not dwell wholly on the bright side of the picture. He lays bare, with frank particularity, the vices of which the Parisienne, in his view, is more often the victim than the instigator. But he denounces while he describes. He is more of a Juvenal than a Martial. "Have we not made of this paradise of Paris," he asks, "a kind of infernal seraglio, where beauty and the freshness of youth are incessantly pursued by crowds of men who have no other aim than the ruin of virginity and innocence? Have we by our forethought or charity provided any honourable refuge for virtue too often at odds with poverty? At odds also with those loathsome jackals ever on the search for beauty in distress?"

#### The Laxity of Conjugal Ties.

To English eyes the strictness and formality of the preliminaries to marriage in France, and the subsequent laxity of the nuptial bonds, always present an interesting puzzle. "Such laxity," says M. Uzanne, "in fashionable society almost assumes an official character. . . . Some think that conjugal restrictions and neo-Malthusianism are the causes of all this, and cry out with the moralists of twenty years ago, 'Hearths without fires, hives without bees, houses without children!' I think, on the other hand, that the moral isolation of the woman in Paris, the uncertainty of love, the mediocrity of the legitimate lover, the entire want of home intimacy, are the real sources of the evil." On the other hand, he tells us, "For one Parisienne who is the subject of scandalous gossip there are twenty who lead quiet lives at home."

#### The "Altogether" and the Queen of Fashion.

The prevalence of the nude in art, and especially in the art of Paris, is a subject that must suggest itself in any study of the Parisienne. M. Uzanne

devotes a chapter to it. "Art and literature," he writes, "have never before been so profoundly absorbed by the consideration of woman. . . . The modern expression of the nude in art pursues woman in all the details of her life—in her rising from sleep, her bath, her siestas on deeply cushioned sofas; it interprets her attitude as she kneels at prayer in the Madeleine, her poses before the glass, and all the perverse seduction of hysterical abandonment. . . . It must be admitted that it has gone too far." But while "divinity disrobed" is thus supreme in the art of Paris, the Parisienne robed remains the queen of fashion. "Paris," as M. Uzanne expresses it, "is the capital of fashion, and every day from its headquarters issue the decrees of the sovereign. Parisiennes are compelled to pose as models to the universe, and to reclothe themselves at the beginning of each new season according to the caprice of her sumptuary laws."



AN ENTENTE CORDIALE: THE ENGLISH FOX-TERRIER AND THE FRENCH "BULL."

#### "The Woman Beyond the Pale."

suppose. He takes the Parisiennes in ranks and classes, and describes them in detail and by particular instances drawn from personal observation. He tells us of their appearance, their style of dressing, their manners and ways of life, their hours of work, and wages, and their amusements. One

chapter treats of domestic service, others of work-women, trades-women and shop-girls, Government servants, artists and writers, actresses, sporting women, and bourgeoises. Four lurid chapters follow "the woman beyond the pale" in all the secret paths and corners of

#### THE MODERN PARISIENNE AS A DOG-LOVER: THE COSMOPOLITAN PETS OF THE GAY CITY.

The modern Parisienne is quite as great a dog-lover as her cousin from London. For catholicity of taste it would be difficult to rival the French dog-owner, and dog-shows have become as popular a Society function in Paris as they are in London. At the Exposition Canine, held in the Tuileries some time ago, might be seen nearly every kind of dog—Louis de Poméranie (otherwise Pomeranians), King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, French "bulls"; in fact, the whole canine tribe, big and small.—[Photographs by L.E.A.]

the demi-monde. Many are her names—the *gigolette*, the "*étudiante*," the *hétaïre*, the *grande cocotte*, and the *belle petite*—and many are her methods of solicitation, especially when she lays her snares clandestinely. M. Uzanne explains them all. The book ends, however, on a healthier, more optimistic note, with a chapter on the Parisienne as "Daughter, Wife, and Mother."

"The Parisian Woman," says M. Uzanne, "has preserved the great ideal that makes the strength and nobility of woman—i.e., the maternal instinct. . . . The Parisienne is the first to advocate the nursing of her own babies. . . . She is, more than any other woman, a true Bohemian in feeling and taste, and she is full of the milk of human kindness spoken of by Shakespeare. . . . The modest girl, the sober-minded wife, the wise mother, are to be found in Paris in greater numbers than in any other place; for Paris is both the hell and the paradise of women. The devils are often so conspicuous that we can scarcely see the angels, but the angels predominate, although they sometimes pass on their way unseen." Thus closes a book whose readers will inevitably begin it again.



SPLENDID ISOLATION: A FRENCH "BULL" AND ITS OWNER.



A DUAL ALLIANCE: THE RUSSIAN BORZOI AND ITS FRENCH OWNER.



FROM THE FORBIDDEN CITY TO THE CITY OF PLEASURE: A PEKINGESE IN COSY QUARTERS.



A SUMMARY METHOD OF TRANSPORT: A DACHSHUND.

\* "The Modern Parisienne." By Octave Uzanne. With an Introduction by the Baroness von Hutten. (London: William Heinemann. 6s. net.)



"THIS PRECIOUS STONE SET IN THE SILVER SEA."



A DESIGN FOR AN ALLEGORICAL GROUP, TO BE SET UP IN STONE OR MARBLE BY THE SILVER SEA ON THE WHITE SHORES OF ALBION, TO COMMEMORATE THE INTRODUCTION OF MIXED BATHING INTO THE BRITISH ISLES, AND DEDICATED TO EVERY ENLIGHTENED CORPORATION WHICH HAS ADOPTED IT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE DROWNING OF JOSÉ ISCARIOT.

By KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN.

THE figure of Judas Iscariot was hanging from the yard-arm of the *San Pedro*; José Diego sat by the main-mast watching it. It was Good Friday in the year of grace 1813, and fine weather. There was hardly any breeze. The sun in Plymouth Harbour was not the sun of Cadiz, but José rested lazily in the English sunshine, and watched Iscariot swinging to and fro.

Below in the cabin Captain Zurbano was talking with Señor Morello, the merchant. Their business was nearly done; presently they would call for wine, and José must rise and wait upon them. "Bad times, these," the Captain grumbled; "this accursed war will never end! Name of God! I am for peace myself. No trade on land; no safety on the seas. Who will buy oranges from Seville? They only think of rapiers from Toledo!"

"Ah, my friend," Señor Morello said, "have you no faith in God, or Wellington? Next year all will be well. Marmont is beaten; you know that? This English general—you had the news at Cadiz? Since Salamanca what can they do, the cursed French—now that we have Madrid; we, and the English? Meanwhile, my good Captain, your oranges are in my warehouse, my money in your pocket. Well, our talk is at an end."

He rose. The Captain was before him. "You go in too much haste, my friend," he said. "You speak of oranges—better than an orange I can give you. A glass of Xeres wine to wish our troops godspeed, and the French across the frontier?" He moved to the foot of the companion-ladder and called "Diego!"

"It is my countryman," he said to the merchant, "José Diego; like me, of Cadiz. He did not choose to go ashore this morning; I gave the others leave to hear a Mass. Name of God! has one the time for Mass these days? I leave all that to priests and women."

"So does Diego leave it to the priests?"

The Captain motioned cautiously as Diego came into the cabin; then briefly ordered wine and mugs. Turning to the merchant, and using English (which both men spoke not badly), he continued. "He would not go ashore; he is strange, my countryman; he always like to be alone. They say he has ——" He made the Sign of the Evil Eye.

"Yet he speaks English," said Morello.

"But no; why should you think it?"

"On deck, when I came, he listened as we spoke, and I am sure he understood."

"No," said Zurbano, "English? Diego hates the English. I tell you he would not set foot in England—not to hear a Mass!" Again he shrugged his shoulders.

"And you have known him long, your countryman?"

"Since boyhood; we have worked and played together; but lately—truly I think that it is this way with him!" (Again the Sign!) "Since last October, when he came back——"

"Came back? Ah! To Cadiz? But whence?"

"I do not know. He went a voyage with Mandrillo in the *Eagle*. Some say it was the French, some say a storm; at least, that ship came back no more to Cadiz, but José, he came back—only, he will not answer questions. But as for money! See you, while it lasted, he was rich—rich as an English lord! Till he spent all. When I was sailing, I was short of hands, and he was short of money, so I brought him. I did not know——" (Again that shrinking from the Eye of Evil!)

"And you do not know, my friend," Morello said; "I am for religion. The priests—who can tell? I am for friendship with

all men—one never knows in business; but the Eye!—live you with me six months in England, and you will not fear the Eye! Only you will fear not to make money fast enough! Here's to our making more!"

They drank together. Then Morello rose.

"This afternoon," he said, "then, I may bring the English gentleman? And at what hour?"

The Captain thought a moment.

"Your Englishman: is he a Catholic?"

"Per Dios, no!" Morello laughed. "He is a heretic of heretics. But for what reason——"

"Because," Zurbano said, "this afternoon we drown Judas Iscariot, and he might like to see it."

"Iscariot? The figure hanging at the yard-arm? Yes, I know; one of your Cadiz customs. Judas Iscariot, traitor of all traitors, every Good Friday is thrown overboard to drown; but he is rescued, since even traitors may be saved upon this day of sacrifice." (He crossed himself.) "So may Our Lady's prayers and Her Son's death save all poor sinners! And at what hour the drowning?"

"An hour before the sunset. But come you at what hour you will, and as the tide best serves you."

They went on deck. Iscariot still swung at the yard-arm; Diego still sat watching him. A quaint figure this Iscariot: his body seemed to be of sacking or old sail-cloth, stuffed with straw, perhaps, or shavings. Someone had made him a rough wooden head, with painted eyes and mouth, and tied a yellow scarf around it. He wore a coarse serge sailor's coat; its arms were stuffed with straw and sticks; they stuck out stiffly from his sides.

The two men for a moment gazed at him.

"Strange, strange, that face," Morello said. "To me, rough as it is, it has an English look."

The Captain broke into a laugh. "English or Spanish, my friend," said he, "he won't hang there much longer. One plunge into the water, then——"

"Ah, but he will be saved," Morello said, with a surprising reverence. "Who has been chosen to swim out and save him?"

"There is no choice; we cast lots with the dice. Three times we threw this morning, and each time the lot fell to Diego."

Hearing his name, José moved slightly where he lay; he looked up at Morello, but said nothing.

"So; he is a strong swimmer? In the harbour here is a most powerful current."

"In boyhood, none better, and—forget it not!—already once he has escaped when others drowned—the *Eagle*!" These words Zurbano whispered to the merchant, and in English. Morello, watching José, once more believed the sailor understood. But he said nothing. "This afternoon, who knows? The Señor Brett may make him speak."

In the afternoon Señor Morello returned to the *San Pedro*; with him an English gentleman, George Brett. They went straight to the Captain's cabin. On deck Iscariot had not moved, but Diego was no longer there. A cabin-boy, Sebastian, brought wine in to the cabin, and left the three men to their talk.

Mr. Brett at once approached his business. He was a truly British gentleman, tall, neither thin nor stout, fair-haired, clean-shaven. There was in his grey eyes a look of sadness and perpetual expectation. But his manner was direct almost to bluntness.

"You know what I am seeking, Sir?"

[Continued overleaf.]



## LIP.



MOTOR-BUS CONDUCTOR (having a word with the "four-wheeler"): Go on, git on with it, Rum-an'-Rags; yer think we ain't got nothin' else ter do but set still an' admire yer—just 'cause yer a bit o' "Shakespeare's England" got loose.



MRS. NIPPER: Ah, I've got the 'eadache sutthing orful. Yer quite right, Mrs. Smith, I mus' begin ter take more care o' meself... I'll go back 'ome; I got a nice bit o' cold pork in the cubberd an' some pickles, an' I'll 'ave a nice cup o' tea and then go straight to bed with a glass uv 'ot gin.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.

The Captain paused before replying. "Señor Morello truly told me something; at least, I know it is about your brother."

The Englishman appeared to stiffen slightly. "It is about my brother, Sir," he said. "He was in your country, with Lord Wellington—and he disappeared. You understand, not in a battle: he was not with the army then. He was quite safe—he had despatches for Madrid to the King Joseph, but he had everything in order—a safe-conduct through the French lines. They must have held him sacred. Now listen. On the 23rd July—the day after the battle—he started for Madrid, and disappeared."

"He did not reach Madrid?"

"He disappeared, as I have told you."

"And he was carrying despatches?"

"He had a pass, as I have told you."

"Even so!" the Captain shrugged his shoulders.

"No," said the Englishman, "it was not the despatches. They were found, two days later, on the roadside by a peasant, who brought them back to our headquarters. They were intact; no one had handled them." He paused. The Captain thought in silence for a little.

"Since Salamanca, it is now eight months," he said. "Do you but now begin your search, Señor?"

Mr. Brett frowned. "I have been searching for him ever since I knew; in war-time news comes slowly. When I heard, I always hoped he might return. But I have had inquiry made at Salamanca and Madrid, and that is very tedious. And till a month ago, I could hear nothing."

And his face hardened.

"And then, Señor, you heard?"

Morello interposed. "The body has been found, the body of the Señor's brother—in a pit, in a very lonely place, ten miles from Salamanca."

"Ah," said Zurbano, "and it was not the despatches?"

"No," said Morello, "they were found; but the Señor's purse has not been found."

Zurbano nodded grimly. "Perhaps it was well lined?" He turned to Mr. Brett: "Why do you come to me, Señor?"

"I am trying," Brett replied, "to find my brother's servant. He was a Spaniard."

"Of what country, Señor?"

"Of Spain, as I have told you."

The Captain smiled. "But Spain is many countries! I should rather ask you, Señor, of what city?"

"How should I know?" the Englishman said vexedly. "I thought all Spaniards were alike! At least he *was* a Spaniard, and had been a sailor. My brother wrote to me from Salamanca, and told me of his servant—how he had found him, some months earlier, ill, starving in a village near the sea-coast; how he befriended him and trained him as his servant."

Morello interposed with a strange question. "Did he teach him to speak English?"

"Why, that I do not know; but it is possible. The man might pick a few words up, at least. Is there a man among your crew speaks English?"

The Captain shook his head. "Even yet, Señor, I do not see how I can serve you."

Mr. Brett appeared somewhat impatient. It was strange to see how some emotion of his soul hindered his usual businesslike directness.

"Sir, I have told you that my brother has been murdered, and I am looking for his servant. Since they left Salamanca—he was with his master then—he has not been seen. I learnt this lately from my brother's comrades. But I will find him! If he betrayed his master—for his money—" He broke off for a moment, then resumed. "You sailors move about—you meet men of all kinds."

Zurbano interrupted him. "What was he like, this servant, and how named?"

"I do not know what he was like, but he was Spanish; my brother always called him Sancho Panza."

"After the faithful follower of Don Quichotte," remarked Señor Morello.

Mr. Brett smiled, and very grimly. "After Don Quixote's servant, as you say."

"But, Señor," steadily pursued the Captain, "if you know not his looks, nor yet his name, how can you hope to find this—Sancho Panza?"

"Sir, when I see him I shall know him. If he betrayed my brother, if he murdered him—I could not see that murderer face to face and fail to know that it was he!"

Then at Zurbano's air of incredulity, he paused, and said abruptly, "We were twins."

"It is quite true," observed Morello to the Captain. "The two Señores Brett were twins, and like as oranges upon a stem."

Zurbano nodded to show he understood. "With twins truly I know that there is something. It happened in my family—"

But now there came an interruption from outside; voices and steps and laughter. The men were mustering and mounting to the deck. Rapidly Zurbano gave the Englishman a brief account of the Good Friday ceremony—the drowning of Iscariot, and his rescue. "It is our custom, Señor; you may not care to witness it?"

Mr. Brett did hesitate a little; but Morello suggested: "A good chance, Señor, to see the sailors. You can see all, and yet seem not to be watching them."

George Brett approved of this suggestion—the instinct for the search overcoming the scruples of the Protestant! The three men went on deck.

At the far end the sailors were disputing with loud anger. The Captain went to silence them. Brett and Morello heard his voice. "No, no," he said, "the oldest always; that has ever been the rule. The oldest cuts him down; we cast lots for the rescuer. Let Arriego have the knife!" He rejoined Brett and Morello.

José Diego, stripped for swimming, wearing only a garment of white flannel round his loins—again a symbol: white for the Saviour!—came up on deck. Around the figure of Iscariot were massed the group of sailors. They jeered and shouted "Judas! Traitor!" One of them prepared to cut the figure down.

José Diego did not notice them. In front of him, as he stepped on the deck, three men were standing: the Captain, whom he knew; Señor Morello, whom he knew; and a third—*whom he knew?*

He stood as turned to stone. That English master whom he had betrayed and murdered, whose gold had tempted him to soil his hands with blood, he had come back then from the grave?

José Diego looked at him, speechless with fear and horror. He heard wild voices cursing him: "Judas!" they cried, and "Traitor!" Then his dead master's voice: "*Are you not Sancho Panza?*"

It was George Brett speaking; he, too, at sight of José had known him. His instinct had not failed him; he knew his brother's murderer, and with an accusing gesture he stepped forward.

At that moment, amid a louder shout from all the men, Arriego seized Iscariot, cut him down, and flung him out into the sea.

The splash, the shout, roused José from his stupor. With an inarticulate cry, he turned from his accusing victim, and springing upon the bulwarks, plunged from the ship's side.

When he rose to the surface and opened his eyes it was in dread to see that face again; and—*God in heaven!*—it was there beside him! The face that he had last seen still in death was close beside his own; the body he had buried floated at his side! The stiff arms moved and swayed in the water; they tried to clasp Diego! They came nearer! He closed his eyes and desperately tried to swim out from the ship's side and avoid that awful clutch. Upon his ears fell cries and shouts; the crew on the *San Pedro* cheered his vigorous strokes. He did not heed them, but pursued his desperate course.

Then some compelling fascination overmastered him; his eyes reopened. One hasty glance! *Ah! It was gone!*

He swam again, turning his face away from that dread spot where the fell vision had appeared upon the water. But *it* appeared again—closer beside him, and more ghastly still!

Now he felt powerless.

He drifted closer to the ship, and the strong current caught him. It caught the *figure*, too!

Together they were swirled and swayed in the water. The dead face and the living floated close together on the water.

Then José's body seemed to be entangled with the other, and they went down below the ship—together.

THE END.





# ON THE LINKS

## AFTER MUIRFIELD: VIEWS AND RE-VIEWS.

### The Jersey Strain.

No golfer who takes interest in public events can dismiss from his mind all thoughts of an Open Championship only a few days after it is concluded, and it would be especially difficult to do so in the case of such an intensely interesting championship as the one at Muirfield was. Those exigencies of circumstance which are so constantly useful for excuses made it necessary that my notes of Ray's fine victory and his interesting personality last week should be written as soon as I arrived in London, after having travelled all the night in the train from Muirfield. It is only a few days after the event that one begins, as it were, to condense and classify in one's mind the main and significant incidents of a championship like this was, and get out from all the confusion of strokes and rounds the most interesting points. Some of us reckoned it up the other day that in the competition proper on the Monday and Tuesday, a little matter of 20,375 strokes were played by the men who made final returns, and there must have been something of peculiar interest among all this lot. As a matter of fact, the curiosities of this last championship, when you come to find them out and analyse them, were many and rare. One of the foremost of them is the fact, which may too easily pass unnoticed, that neither the winner nor the second man was born in Britain, but both of them came to life within a short distance of each other in the island of Jersey, and there they were, by a coincidence, playing next to each other on the last day of this championship, and fighting out the issue between them, Edward Ray and Harry Vardon. Surely there is something dramatic in this situation.

### Some Very Bad Holes.

Now then for the bad holes, for I am given to understand that it is, if not a comfort, in some measure a pleasure to very ordinary players to hear of the right-down bad holes that are played by the best golfers when they are in pursuit of championships. When you get more than twenty thousand shots played in two days, it must needs happen that just a few of them, at any rate, should go exceedingly wrong and, in the desperate attempts at recovery, cause much subsequent distress to the men who made them. There are no rushes at Muirfield, and there are no ditches either, although there is a brute of a pond just in front of the ninth

However, my examination of the cards has led me to believe that there were fewer shocking holes done at Muirfield than there have been at other championships that I have been to, but the bad things that were done there happened at the most unexpected places, and were perpetrated by the most unexpected persons. Thus, there is not a man alive who knows Muirfield better than Mr. Robert Maxwell, who is the captain of the club this year, but he lost his ball from the sixteenth tee, and, thereafter, made his way towards the green with so much faltering that he holed out in a very unsteady nine. The worst hole I could find recorded was the ten that was done at the eighth by one of the amateurs in the Saturday qualifying competition. He had some excuse in that his troubles were originated by a spectator running behind him just at the moment that he was swinging on to the ball.

### Concerning the Eighteenth.

But, to continue with those bad holes, there was a nine done at the home-hole on the second qualifying day by another native of the locality, Willie Watt, of Dirlton. He got into the bunker guarding the green, and he simply could not get out, until he realised that time and strokes were going on and he had better play back, and that quickly. If he had taken two more in the bunker he would have failed to qualify. Then there was the Hon. Michael Scott taking eight to this home-hole in very much the same way. It was quite extraordinary how the hole seemed to get on the nerves of so many of the players, for it looks one of the simplest bits of goods on the whole course—a

plain, straight drive, and then, if the drive is a good one, a plain iron shot on to a green that rises towards the back and is guarded in old-fashioned manner by a big bunker in front. But the fact is that that iron shot is rather a long one after all, and it is not an easy matter just to clear the bunker and run close up to the pin. Braid did not get on at all well with this hole, nor with the first either—in fact, most players were taking fours, and often fives, to that first hole, which is only a par three. I did not hear of a single hole being done in one at Muirfield this time, though George Duncan and one or two others came near to it at the fourteenth, which is the only real short hole of the round, Muirfield being very deficient in one-shotters. Still, as this hole was played about 250 times by the best golfers of the day in the championship proper on the Monday and Tuesday, you might have thought that one of the shots would have done the minimum, even if it were only by accident.

HENRY LEACH.



HELMETED FOR THE FRAY: Mlle. DE BELLET, THE FRENCH LADY GOLF CHAMPION, ON THE LINKS.

Perhaps the most distinctive features of the French golfing-girl's costume, as worn by Mlle. de Bellet, are the neat, helmet-like cap and the short, loose jacket. Mlle. de Bellet recently won the Ladies' Championship at La Boulie. She also holds the Coupe de Golfe "Femina." A bearer of the same name, M. François de Bellet, has been described as the best amateur golfer in France.



MAKER OF A ROUND OF 68 IN THE FRENCH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: LOUIS TELLIER, THE FIVE-FOOT GOLFER.

In the French Open Championship at La Boulie the runner-up was Harry Vardon, with a total of 290. Louis Tellier, of La Boulie, who is only just over 5 feet high, was third with 291. Like the winner, Gassiat, he did one round in 68.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

green—and were not the candidates for the championship aware of it! But despite its simplicity and its essential fairness, there are plenty of places at Muirfield to which a ball may be played, and then only with the greatest difficulty be removed.

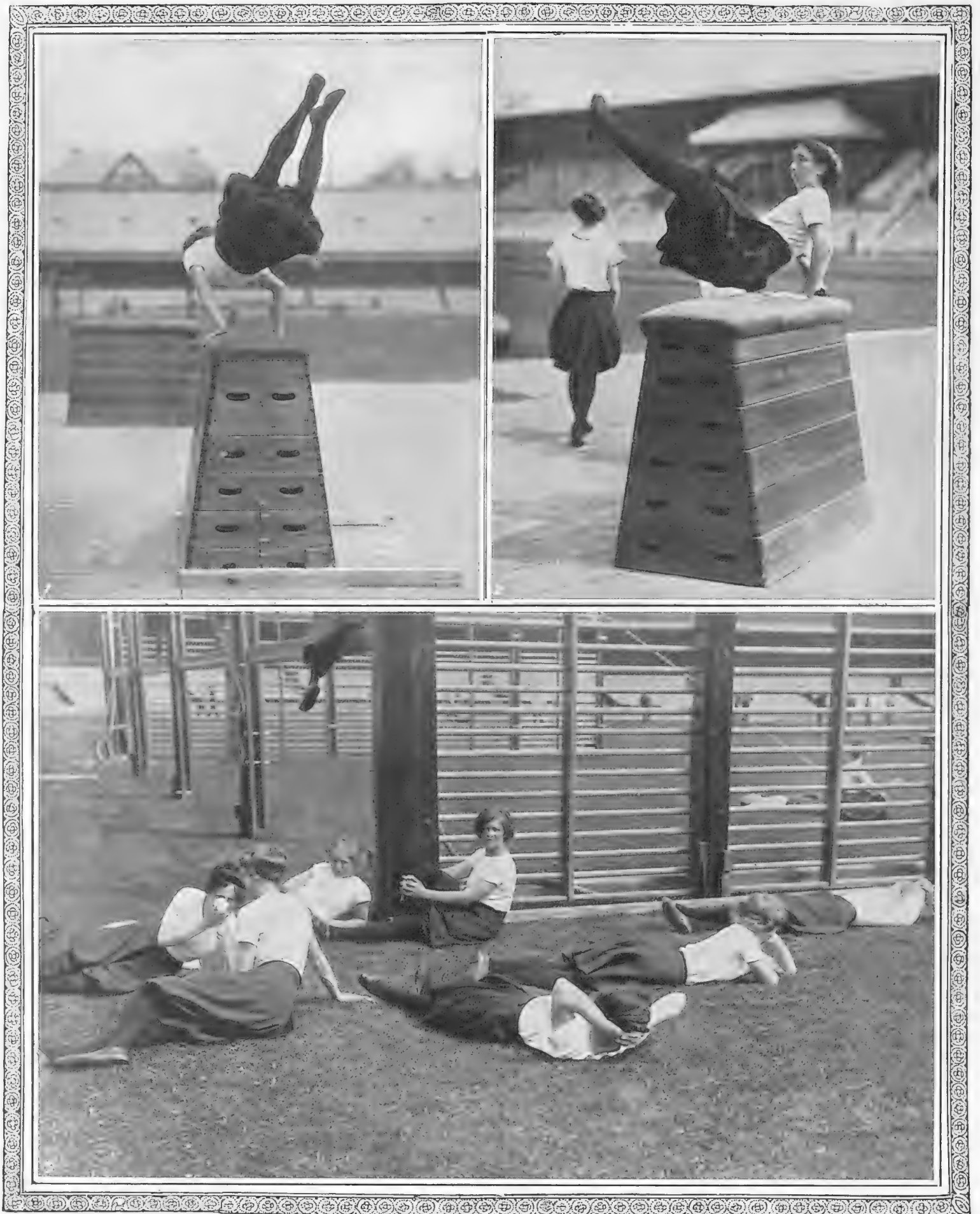


MAKER OF A ROUND OF 68 AT LA BOULIE: JEAN GASSIAT, OPEN CHAMPION OF FRANCE.

The Open Championship of France was played at La Boulie on July 2. Jean Gassiat, of Chantilly, the winner, did the four rounds in 289, doing one round in 68. Gassiat was born at Biarritz in 1883.

Photograph by Sport and General.

## THE STOCKINGS OF STOCKHOLM: PRACTISING AT THE STADIUM.



1. TRUNK (HOSE) DEVELOPMENT: A FAIR SWEDE ON THE VAULTING-HORSE.

2. ONE OF STOCKHOLM'S FREE ENTERTAINMENTS: A SWEDISH GYMNAST PRACTISING.

3. GRACEFUL IN EVERY ATTITUDE: SWEDISH LADY GYMNASTS RESTING AFTER PRACTICE.

London, we know, has its free entertainments, but they cannot vie with those recently enjoyed in the Stadium of the Olympic Games at Stockholm. The athletic practice-ground is bordered by busy thoroughfares, and all day long a crowd watched with delight, and without payment, a continuous performance by the best experts in all kinds of athletic exercises. Most attractive, no doubt, were the lady gymnasts, such as those illustrated on this page. "Swedish gymnastics," says the "Encyclopædia of Sport," "comprise exercises without apparatus, and are sometimes known as 'free movements.' These motions are divided into groups for developing the various parts of the body, such as the ankle, feet, legs, trunk, arms, neck, etc." The opening ceremony of the Olympic Games took place on the 5th.

*Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.*



# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A RECORD TRIAL; A.A. AND M.U. TELEPHONES; A HOMILY ON PETROL.

## The Severest Top-Speed Trial.

The Royal Automobile Club have just issued a certificate in respect to what is most undoubtedly the most severe top-speed trial ever run by any car. It concerns a London, Land's End, John-o'-Groat's, London trip made under official observation by a 59.9-h.p. (R.A.C. rating) six-cylinder Napier car, entered for the test by Mr. S. F. Edge. The bore and stroke of the engine are 127 mm. (5 in.) and 127 mm. respectively—what is termed a square engine. The total weight of the car loaded was 2 tons 4 cwt. 62 lb.; the wind area of the body 10.3 square feet; and the gear-ratio on top gear 3 to 1, with 895 mm. wheels. Berriedale Hill (both sides) was included in the route, and was climbed for the first time on top speed, and that with what is an unusually high ratio of engine to road-wheels. The total distance covered was 1928.75 miles, all driven on top speed, with the exception that at the first attempt to scale Berriedale from the John-o'-Groat's side, the driver found it necessary to change speed for *three seconds* only; but he returned to the foot of the hill, and upon the second attempt climbed this really terrible ascent on top speed. With the exception of oiling and greasing before the start each day, no work of any kind was done. The petrol consumption was 23.918 miles per gallon, and the speed attained at Brooklands 77.104 miles per hour. The certificate says: "The most severe top-speed trial ever attempted."

'Phone, 'Phone, all the Way. Really, really, one

never knows where to have the A.A. and M.U., or where they will stop. No sooner have they elaborated, systematised, and set into operation one set of privileges for their members than, hey presto! they break upon an astonished world with another. The occasion of their annual general meeting, held on Monday, 1st inst., at the Hotel Cecil, was seized as an opportunity to announce the institution of a telephone service on the main roads. This extension of the A.A. and M.U. road organisation, which is to obtain along every main road throughout the country, cannot but be of great service to the present members, and a real lure for thousands more. Patrol sentry-boxes are now in course of erection at intervals of several miles along most of the main roads, and in each box a telephone communicating with the nearest exchange will be installed. A patrol will be on point duty at each box. The telephones will be at the service of members for all purposes, free of cost. Trunk calls only will require payment. The utility of this system is obviously wide, as the 'phones can be used in the case of breakdowns, for private or business purposes, for ordering meals and rooms at hotels while

en route, and so on and so on. It is hoped in due course to establish this telephone system on every main road throughout the country.

## How to Save "Tuppence."

Prompted by the article which appeared in the R.A.C. "Journal" of June 21, the Anglo-American Oil Company, Ltd., have issued a homily on the use and choice of spirit to motorists. Counsel from such a quarter may or may not be quite disinterested—in fact, it has been suggested that a larger market is desirable for the heavy spirit known as "Taxibus," which can be obtained almost

anywhere for 1s. 4d. per gallon. This is a small mercy, but still a mercy, I presume, as "tuppence" is "tuppence" all the world over. The A.A. Company regret that the motorist entirely ignores the fact that spirit of a heavier density than Shell, Carburine, or Pratt's can be used with as much satisfaction as the higher grades during the summer months. In support of their contention the Anglo-American Oil Company point out that one of the largest and best-known cab companies in London, running nothing but four-cylinder cabs, use this heavy spirit exclusively, where formerly they employed nothing but the lighter grades. Moreover, as a spirit like "Taxibus" has a density of .740 to .750, as against the .720 of the lighter spirits, the motorist gets more stuff in his gallon as well as greater efficiency.

## Compensation for Losses???

It should be pointed out that in treating crude petroleum a certain volume of spirit of heavy density must be produced in order to obtain the required percentage of the lighter gravities, and this is just as true as that burning oils and residuals must be produced. So, as the manufacturers put it, if there is not a sufficient market for the burning oils and the heavier spirits, then the lighter products must be sold at an enhanced price in order to compensate for the losses incurred in the sale of such surplus heavy products. And to learn how

terrible those losses must be, let my readers turn to the report of the speech made by Sir Marcus Samuel to the shareholders of the Shell and Transport Company at their annual meeting, when a dividend of twenty per cent., free of income tax, was declared, and enormous sums written off for depreciation. But that is by the way. The Anglo-American Oil Company suggest that if every motorist will during the summer months insist on being supplied with this heavy spirit—which, by the way, is known as "Crown," as well as "Taxibus"—a greater volume of spirit will be available for the private user, which is to-day being sold at low prices to bus companies and others.

[Continued on a later page.]



1. MODERN MOTOR TRAFFIC AS SEEN BY HIM WHO CROSSES THE STREETS.

2. MODERN PEDESTRIANISM AS SEEN BY THE MOTORIST.

## THE DANGER OF THE STREETS: TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

The discussion in the Press caused by the latest returns of accidents in London streets caused by the increase of motor-vehicles has brought into prominence the divergent points of view of the two kinds of users of the streets. To the motorist, the aggravating nonchalance of the pedestrian and the slowness of his movement are apt to give the impression that there is a perpetual desire for suicide under the wheels of what some are pleased to call the Modern Juggernaut; while, to the pedestrian, London streets seem to be an inferno of hooting and entirely reckless road-hogs, making a crossing an act fraught with the greatest peril.

DRAWN BY W. HOLDEN.



## AS IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY: THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT.

### A Spear in a King's Eye.

"Shakespeare's England" may safely include reproductions of the ancient tournament, for in the days when Shakespeare was living tournaments still just survived. We shall get probably as much excitement from this of ours as was afforded by those which Shakespeare may have seen. The ordinary arms of warfare, the implements *à outrance*, had permanently given way to blunted swords and innocent lances, and feats of pseudo-chivalry, performed without risk to life or limb, were in the Bard's time rapidly losing their vogue. For one thing, Henry II. of France had been so unfortunate as to get his eye in the way of a tournament spear, and had died in consequence; which had caused the entire abandonment of the tournament and joust on the old lines, before Shakespeare saw the light. Another discounting element was the growing popularity of villainous saltpetre. Of what value were shield and armour and steel-clad charger when the rascally bullet of any sturdy swineherd bowled over the worshipful Knight of the Mockorange, for all his weight of protective metal, as surely as if he had gone forth to battle in a fustian jerkin! You may see many a fine suit of armour in the Tower well and truly drilled by plebeian bullets. So our doughty ancestors, having, like the ancient fishes and mammals and pre-mammals, found armour but a useless encumbrance, stripped off their mail when fighting, and found it rather foolish to continue the outfit for show combat in the tiltyard.

### A Gorgeous Failure that Cost £40,000.

It remained for Archibald William Montgomerie, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton, in 1839, to show his generation what the jousts of Merrie England had been. He was the owner of the famous racehorses Blue Bonnet and Flying Dutchman, and was twice a winner of the St. Leger and once of the Derby. But he never saw his horses go so fast as his money went over the memorable Eglinton Tournament. It cost him £40,000 to achieve a gorgeous failure, but it certainly fixed the attention of the whole of Europe upon himself and the event. His purpose was to revive for a drab and unromantic era something of the spectacular glory and thrill of the Age of Chivalry. He was really the father of all our modern Pageants, so let us deal kindly with his memory. He fired the blood of all the young noblemen of the period, and they entered with unquenchable ardour into the spirit of the enterprise. Real authentic armour of unsullied history was acquired; horses better far than had ever entered the great old tiltyards of the ancient knights were provided, and the junior aristocracy sweated and puffed beneath such loads of metal as would have taxed the endurance of any professional strong man of the period.

### From the Eyre Arms to Eglinton Castle.

The grounds of the Eyre Arms Tavern, at Kilburn, were hired as a practice-ground, and thou-

aside the question of the folly or wisdom of the thing," had to admit that it was amazingly well got up. The combatants had weeks in which to sustain and recover from bruise, contusion, and stiffness before the actual combat came. Then forth they fared to Scotland. All around Eglinton Castle, Ayrshire, where the tournament was held, every house and hovel became an hotel, every sty and byre a stable for steeds of mettle. Prices were up 500 and 1000 per cent., and hospitality never fetched a better price. For, with the best of intentions, the promoter could not nearly house the enormous concourse of people that flocked with him into the land of Burns.

The tournament itself was to extend over three days, with Lord Londonderry as King of the Tournament, Eglinton as Lord of the Tournament, and Lady Seymour, granddaughter of Sheridan, as Queen of Love and Beauty. It would require a special supplement to set out all the titles of combatants, knights, visitors, swordsmen, bowmen, seneschals, marshals, chamberlains, heralds, pursuivants, judges, and jesters, but it may be of interest to recall some of the names: Knight of the Dragon, Marquess of Waterford; Knight of the Black Lion, Viscount Alford; Knight of Gael, Lord Cranstoun; Knight of the Border, Sir F. Johnstone; Knight of the Burning Tower, Sir F. Hopkins, etc., etc. Among the Knights Visitors was the future Napoleon III., who got a most inglorious hammering in both single-stick and broadsword encounters.



IN SHINING ARMOUR AND FEARING NO FOE: THE EARL OF CRAVEN PRACTISING FOR THE ELIZABETHAN TOURNAMENT.

The Earl of Craven is one of the six knights who are to tilt in the "Justes Royall," of the Eglinton Tournament, at "Shakespeare's England," for a prize to be given by the Queen of Beauty. Lord Craven was formerly in the Berkshire Yeomanry. Last year he was made Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard.—[Photograph by Topical.]

### Jupiter Pluvius brought the Best Knight.

It was the weather that brought disaster. Rain fell in torrents, so that the gorgeous procession arrived on the tilt-ground very late and very bedraggled, with the Queen of Love and Beauty in a closed carriage instead of upon a prancing steed. The tilting

itself was energetic enough to amuse, but little more, and the carnicurist of the period certainly had small need to draw upon his imagination. Jupiter Pluvius was the best knight of all the host, and presently drove all the gallant company helter-skelter to the castle, where banqueting-hall and ballroom were found untenable through rain, and were requisitioned all next day for a great drying of armour, accoutrements, and costumes. Some few matches on foot were got through, however, and the third day being fine, sixteen knights managed to bring their matches to an issue. Lord Waterford and Viscount Alford more than any of the rest caught the spirit of the thing, and whacked one another with their blunted swords until the judge had to cry them off. The damped fête came to an end with a banquet and a ball, at which latter a thousand guests were present, and next day the visitors vanished in a raging storm. The failure did not break the noble promoter's heart, for two months later he had a one-day tournament at Irvine, to which he took a gallant party from Eglinton. That was the last tournament proper in Britain up to date, for the tournaments ordinarily held at various halls in London are quite a different thing, and that promoted at the marriage of King Humbert of Italy at Turin, forty-four years ago, failed to revive the zest for the tilt-yard in Europe. "Shakespeare's England" has the matter to itself,



TO RIDE WITH LORD ANNALY IN THE BALLET DES CHEVAUX AT THE EGLINTON TOURNAMENT: LADY IRENE DENISON REHEARSING.

A rehearsal of the Elizabethan Triumph and Eglinton Tournament, to take place at Earl's Court on the 11th, was held a few days ago at Knightsbridge Barracks. Lady Irene Denison, only daughter of the Earl of Londesborough, is to take part in the Ballet des Chevaux, in which sixteen knights and sixteen ladies are to ride in pairs.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



GETTING ACCUSTOMED TO HIS MEDIEVAL SADDLE: EARL COMPTON, WHO IS TO TILT IN THE "JUSTES ROYALL," PRACTISING.

Earl Compton, who is one of the six knights who will show their prowess in the lists at the Eglinton Tournament, is the elder son and heir of the Marquess of Northampton. He was born in 1885, was educated at Eton and at Balliol, and is now a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards.

Photograph by Topical.

sands of people attended to witness the rehearsals, and see men like moving forts belabour one another with lance and sword. The *Times* wrote voluminously of the dress-rehearsals, and, "putting





By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**What is Going to be Done?**

At a private party the other night, where the guests were invited to meet the Premier, that eminent personage had to have a bodyguard of no less than four detectives to protect him from possible assaults by sympathisers with the Woman's Franchise. For it is an amazing and unprecedented fact in the social life of London that the Prime Minister can no longer attend a party given even by one of his own relatives—as was the case at Lady Glenconner's—without being shaken by some irate lady in many diamonds. It is a parlous state of affairs, because politics, up to now, have not been allowed to intrude themselves into drawing-rooms in an offensive manner. Yet of one thing Ministers may be quite certain, and that is that the zeal and energy, the money and the enthusiasm for the Suffrage cause are not lessening, but increasing. Are they going to sit at home henceforward wrapped in a shawl, like the famous Oxford undergraduate who, being found in such a homely garment, declared himself to be "not ill, but vexed"? The *Schadenfreude* of the Unionists at these feminine attacks is, of course, a natural and pardonable thing, and in their elation at the strange social predicament of the Government they may even take up the Women's Cause themselves. If they do, they will act wisely, for the women's vote, on the whole, will be on the side of Conservatism, of "going slow," of keeping the best, and not trying any revolutionary social experiments. At present, the lot of Ministers is not conspicuously an enviable one.

**The Londoner and the Season.**

It is a well-known fact that the inveterate Londoner—he or she who spends five days of the week out of ten months in London—is not especially pleased with the Season and its interminable round of so-called pleasures. In May, June, and July the town seems to be given up to people "up" from the country, to foreigners and to Americans, and the Londoner feels a little lost in the hordes of strangers who are within his gates. Then, does anybody find any time for pleasant talk, for seeing friends, or for those little dinners which are so characteristic of this vast town, whether given in some charming house, at a modish restaurant, or at a club? People in the Season have somehow a detached and self-conscious air, as of human peacocks bound to spread their magnificent feathers in the sight of all men. The woman in a fender tiara is never quite charming or quite simple; she has the feeling of being on parade, and is not so much concerned to be amiable as to look splendid. She is strangled, as it were, by her ropes of pearls, and mummified in her sheathed brocades. The man who wears his Orders at an evening party is in a like case, and though the whole assembly may have a glittering effect, it is not on these pompous occasions that people really enjoy themselves. The modern crush, moreover, is of such huge dimensions that husbands and wives, mothers and daughters, dare not lose sight of each other, so that the evening's amusement is often a promenade through half-a-dozen rooms in the

society of your nearest and dearest. When the Londoner really amuses himself, he sets about it in quite another fashion.

**Society and the Music-Hall.**

The Royal Command performance at the Palace Theatre is bound to have far-reaching effects. For the first time, the reigning House is being made acquainted with what is most characteristic of British mimic art—the music-hall singer of topical and comic songs. And there is no doubt that in this region Britain is supreme. The Parisian comic man is a sinister personage, while the café-chantant lady is apt to be as brazen as she is guileless of art. Our real "Cabarets" are the music-halls, and it is there that we come to

grips with popular sentiment, understand the democratic point of view, and can enjoy the jokes of the people. Who knows if, now the "Halls" have received a royal blessing, we may bid good-bye to cadaverous contraltos and throaty tenors in the drawing-room, and be asked by next season's hostesses to hear George Robey, Wilkie Bard, and Miss Marie Lloyd in their stead? How many afternoons have been made miserable for us by songs about early graves and eternal partings—subjects which, somehow, do not ally themselves with the clatter of tea-cups and the eating of strawberries-and-cream, and the calling-up of motor-cars? Why do we suffer these lugubrious performances, even from the most eminent singers, when we have at hand a wealth of talent and of mirth in our wonderful land of the music-hall? As M. Romain Rolland has shown us in "Jean Christophe," the day of German sentimentality in music is over, and all the "little violets," the roses and nightingales, the *abschieds* and *sehnsungs* must go by the board in this strenuous, altruistic, and self-conscious Twentieth Century. They are already as dead, as out of touch with modern life as the shepherds and shepherdesses, the crooks and the flocks of the remote Eighteenth Century. Yet we must be

entertained somehow, and I should not be surprised if, after the wonderful performance on July 1, our music-hall singers should take the place to which they are handsomely entitled.

**Marcelle Tinayre in London.**

The vogue, in Paris, is all for literary *conférences*, where the Celebrity of the Day shall show himself and discourse on his own works, or on some other star of the literary constellation. The other night we saw, and heard, in the drawing-rooms of the Université de Marble Arch House, no less a luminosity than Mme. Marcelle Tinayre, who talked to us, with all the grace and wit imaginable, about her own heroines. The author of "La Maison du Péché" is a born *conférencière*. She leans her round, white arms upon the table, and takes you into her confidence with all the ease and charm imaginable; and after an hour you are left wishing that she would go on and tell you some more. And this, one need not say, is not a frequent experience one has with lecturers of Anglo-Saxon nationality.



CURIOUS BUT CHARMING: HATS SUITABLE FOR THE ETON AND HARROW CRICKET MATCH.

(1) A large shape covered with rose-coloured crepe-de-Chine, finished at the edge of the brim with a bouillonné in the front is a bunch of shaded mauve irises. (2) A "tricorne" hat of ottoman-blue straw, the brim lined with white and bordered with white-muslin roses. (3) Shepherdess hat, trimmed with a shower of laburnum and a black-velvet bow, and ends which go over the brim and make another bow to rest on the hair. (4) Large picture hat in string-coloured Tagal, lined with a mauve-and-green shot taffetas, with a wreath of natural-coloured grapes.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 24.*

## THE BANKING HALF-YEAR.

IN spite of the strikes and labour troubles of the past half-year, trade has been really active and the Banks have benefited from the demand for accommodation. At the turn of the year, the official Bank Rate was 4 per cent., but it was subsequently reduced to 3½ per cent., and, finally, to 3 per cent. early in May, at which figure it has since remained, while the average discount rate for three months' bills was £3 6s. per cent.

Although the period under review only ended on June 30, a good many of the dividend announcements have already been made, and these are quite up to expectations, being practically identical with those made at this time last year.

The London and South Western Bank announces a dividend at the rate of 17 per cent., against 16 per cent. this time last year, but the fact that the income-tax has to be deducted from the present distribution makes the actual rate the same.

The directors of the Capital and Counties Bank have declared a dividend at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum, the same as in 1911, and £50,000 is applied to writing down investments.

In the case of the National Discount Company, the usual dividend of 10 per cent. is declared, free of tax, while the reserve is brought up to £485,000 by the addition of £10,000.

It is satisfactory to note that up to the present it has in no case been necessary to touch the reserves in order to write down investments, and, as a matter of fact, we believe that in nearly every case Consols, at any rate, have been written down to the present market price, and in some cases to as low as 75.

The Banking position is on a very sound basis from all points of view, and if only the heavy uncalled liability, which most of the shares carry, could be got rid of, values would stand considerably higher than at present. This is a question which might well occupy the attention of both directors and shareholders, and we see no reason why it should not in many cases be reduced if it cannot be altogether done away with.

## "THE STOCKBROKER."

In our issue of June 26 we announced the coming of a new weekly financial journal entirely without financial advertisements, and the first number, which appeared on the bookstalls on the 3rd instant, under the title of the *Stockbroker*, more than confirms the favourable opinion we entertained of the enterprise. Mr. Raymond Radcliffe, under whose editorship the paper is produced, is probably the most brilliant financial journalist of the day, and has been a familiar figure in City circles for more years than we care to remember. If any man can run a reliable and incorruptible financial journal, that man is Mr. Radcliffe, who this time has, we believe, a free hand, and certainly will not be hampered by his advertisement agent's black looks if he expresses his candid opinion of a new issue.

If we may venture to criticise the first number of the new venture, we should say that Mr. Radcliffe is more anxious to tell his readers what to avoid than what to buy, and we anticipate that this will be a continuing feature of his work. The price of the *Stockbroker* is 1s., which seems high, but if the production can be kept at the high standard of the first number, the new journal is sure to create a reading public of its own, even at this figure.

## HOME RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

The following is the *Stockbroker's* estimate of the probable distributions to be expected from the leading Home Railway Companies for the half-year ending June 30 last—

Great Central	..	..	Probably dividend passed on the 89 Stock.
Great Eastern	..	..	At the rate of 2 per cent.
Great Northern	..	..	" " 3 per cent. on the B Stock
Great Western	..	..	" " 4 per cent.
London and North Western	..	..	" " 5½ per cent.
The Midland	..	..	" " 2¼ per cent.
North Eastern	..	..	" " 5 per cent., or perhaps less.
South Western	..	..	" " 3½ per cent.

There must also be reductions in the case of the Brighton and South Eastern Companies, but the amount Mr. Radcliffe evidently does not care to anticipate. Inasmuch as no one outside the Railway offices can estimate what saving the cutting-down of the services in the Coal Strike effected, all dividend estimates are more than usually speculative on this occasion.

## THE NITRATE MARKET.

The report on the Nitrate Market for the first six months of the current year, which has just been issued by Messrs. William Montgomery and Company, makes very pleasant reading for those interested in Nitrate shares. During the period under review, there has been a general advance in European consumption, the figures

being 1,448,000 tons, against 1,301,000 for the first half of 1911, while the visible supply for Europe shows a decrease of 33,000 tons, and the stocks in Chili of about 35,000 tons. The f.o.b. price in Chili has risen from 7s. 4½d. per quintal at the end of December to 8s. 4½d. to-day. It is, of course, the prospects for the future that are of most interest to the investor, and these appear to be excellent; statistically, the industry has seldom, if ever, been in a sounder position than at present.

As is the case with a good many articles, the American demand is a most important factor. During the last twelve months the consumption in this quarter has fallen from 535,000 tons to 503,000 tons, chiefly owing to the abundance of cotton-seed, which is largely used for manurial purposes. If, as seems probable, the American demand improves, and the European demand continues to advance at its present rate, there is every prospect of even higher prices for the fertiliser. Should any large increase in production take place, it would naturally affect prices, but as long as the present shortage of labour continues, it seems unlikely that many new oficinas will be started or that anything more than a very moderate advance in production will take place.

Freight rates are, of course, an important factor to be considered, and it is satisfactory to note that these have eased off a little from the high levels which have recently ruled.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The sale of the Edmonton town lots by the Hudson's Bay Company last year brought in £949,000, against £32,900 received from the sale of town lots in the previous accounts. This is a highly satisfactory result, but it would, perhaps, be as well to emphasise the fact that every company dealing with "town lots" in Canada at present will not necessarily achieve results such as this. There are far too many doubtful Canadian land companies about, and it is more than likely that the arrival of Mr. Borden, and the enthusiasm for things Canadian, will be followed by a fresh flood of specious circulars.

Rumours of an arrangement between the Leopoldina Railway and the Brazilian Government have again been in the air, but nothing definite is likely to be settled for some little time. Apart from this question, however, the position is satisfactory, as Gross Traffics to the end of June show an increase of £143,346, so that there seems every prospect of an increase of £157,000 before the end of the year, which would bring the total up to the amount which would have been guaranteed if the proposed arrangement had materialised.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and the present deplorable outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, with its consequent curtailment of supplies of English meat, will react favourably upon those companies importing frozen and chilled meat from abroad. Such companies as Eastmans, Ltd. and James Nelson should reap a material benefit.

In spite of the paucity of business which has been general throughout the markets, the Oil section has kept very firm, and Shells have recovered the dividend deduction. We still think them a good purchase, and perhaps Ural Caspians as well.

## FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"The Stock Exchange," said The Jobber, "is the most effete, out-of-date, and useless institution now cumbering this earth."

"In which case, you had better start a Synthetic Stock Exchange," The Merchant advised.

"Any of you seen the synthetic rubber process in the City Road?" asked The City Editor.

The honour was generally disclaimed.

"It's awfully interesting," he went on. "You are taken into several laboratories where retorts, glass tubes, weird-looking glass bulbs, little furnaces, and so on, abound—"

"Go ahead."

"You see stuff made from a starch 'mush,' which passes through all kinds of chemical apparatus and changes, finally poured out into a cup, and then beaten up like an egg until it is quite stiff, and that's—"

"Rubber?"

"Well, I understand it is the sort of embryo, requiring only vulcanisation to turn it into rubber, synthetic rubber."

"Think it's going to knock out the other stuff?"

"Not much chance, so far as a mere layman like myself can tell. But it's really awfully interesting, and will be still more so some years hence, when they have pushed their investigations further."

"I hear," repeated The Engineer, "that a process has been discovered for making synthetic rubber from the glutinous parts of fish."

"They'll make it from toffee next," growled The Broker. "After all, liquid toffee is sticky and it's elastic, so really you've got something to go upon there."

[Continued on page 32.]



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### La Reine s'Amuse.

It was so good to see the Queen laughing at the antics of Pipifax and Paulo at the Music-Hall Command Performance. It was the laughter of real enjoyment, in which the Grand Duchess George of Russia most heartily joined. The Bogannys' five minutes in Chinatown also caused the royal ladies great amusement. Princess Victoria talked and laughed with the King; the Queen's two brothers, the Duke of Teck and Prince Alexander, sat just behind her and often chatted with her. Her Majesty looked very handsome in a dress of yellow brocade, the bodice finished with lisse, embroidered with gold, copper, and topaz. A deep diamond collar and necklets were worn, a high diamond hair-ornament tipped with pearls, and a diamond corsage ornament and earrings. A bouquet of magnificent spikes of white orchids tied with pale-blue satin ribbon was given to the Queen.



THE REV. EDWARD MCCLINTOCK, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS M. BUXTON WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 9TH.

The Rev. Edward L. L. McClintock is a son of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles E. McClintock, of Glendaragh, Crumlin, County Antrim.

Photograph by Gabell.

Marchioness of Stafford, and others who have fine presences were made to look of quite ordinary height when Queen Amélie of Portugal came into the picture gallery at Stafford House at the Scottish Industries Sale. She is magnificent, and so handsome and clever-looking. Her dress of chiffon and filmy lace was all black; she wore her glorious pearls and a black hat of moderate dimensions, in which were some white ostrich-plumes. She looked, as she is, a Queen among women, yet no one made the usual obeisance. Once a Queen, always a Queen, surely—and she should be treated as such!

### Seagoing Souvenirs.

People who love yachting—and most Britons do—love it so much that it is a joy to be reminded of it even when the cruising season is over and they are on dry land again. They will find really practical and very handsome yachting souvenirs at Charles Packer and Company's fine establishment, 76-78, Regent Street. A solid-silver port or starboard light, made up as an inkstand or a cigar-lighter; a compass sun-dial paper-weight, silver-mounted on an oak base; a silver Vent pepperette, a bollard as an inkstand, with compass and aneroid barometer;



TO MARRY MR. ALFRED EGERTON ON THE 11TH: MISS RUTH CRIPPS.

Miss Ruth Cripps is the only daughter of Sir Alfred Cripps, K.C.V.O., M.P. Mr. Alfred Egerton is the youngest son of the late Colonel Sir Alfred Egerton, K.C.V.O., C.B.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

### A Tall Queen.

Our English tall ladies, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Cynthia Graham, Viscountess Curzon, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, the



A PEER'S HEIRESS AND ONLY CHILD TAKING THE VEIL: LADY MARY ASHBURNHAM.

Lady Mary Ashburnham, the only child and heiress of the Earl of Ashburnham, recently entered the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at Roehampton, with a view to becoming a nun. She is only twenty-two, very popular, and much admired in Society, and well known for her skill in the hunting-field. Her father, who is a Roman Catholic, has large estates in Sussex, Northamptonshire, and Wales. Her mother died twelve years ago.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Travellers All. We shall very soon all be travellers seeking pastures new for our pleasures, when the season is over.

Mappin and Webb have prepared things most useful, and practical, and also very good to look at, for the comfort and convenience of those on the move. There is the neatest of little nail-polishers, inside which is packed away everything necessary for manicure; it is silver-mounted, and takes up scarcely any room. The beautiful little cases and bags fitted with everything necessary for making a toilet are a specialty of the firm, and everything that is beautiful and marked by the best taste can be found there; also things of quite moderate price, equally practical, if not quite so ornamental. Suit-cases for ladies are now being freely sold, fitted with tortoiseshell, the initial to be inlaid in gold, or, if preferred, a pattern so inlaid. There is a new and very light pigskin case for a man, fitted with all he needs for his dressing, and with ample space for a change. There are all kinds of fitted bags, at all kinds of prices. Very neat is a little flat-iron, with electric cord and attachment, which heats in a few seconds at an electric light, and will take creases out of dresses in a twinkling. There is a little jug, similarly fitted, in which to heat water for tea or shaving: the convenience of this will be apparent to all who have been dependent on harried hotel servants. A note-case, small and compact, with a long pocket for bank-notes, and a sovereign compartment to take £24, is a convenient possession for a man. The Mappin's Royal Prism Field Glass at 55s., in a leather case with strap, is a marvel of cheapness and efficiency. Whether at 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; or 220, Regent Street, there are many things of interest to intending travellers.



MISS M. BUXTON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE REV. EDWARD MCCLINTOCK WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 9TH.

Miss M. Buxton, whose wedding was fixed to take place on Tuesday of this week, the 9th, is a daughter of Mr. John Henry Buxton, of Easney, Ware.

Photograph by Gabell.

### A Professor in Beauty.

For a long time it has been known that the skin specialist whose remedies are given to the public by the Cyclax Company was a personality of very marked distinction in her profession. In her the utmost confidence is placed by great ladies—royal and patrician—all over Europe, but the name of the specialist has been heretofore known only to an exclusive clientèle. Mrs. Hemming has now decided to associate her name with the whole business at 58, South Molton Street, as she is the pivot on which its wheels go round, and its great success, now assured, is due entirely to her wonderful skill. Appointments can be made with her at her luxurious salons at the above address. No one who has ever consulted this clever lady has had further trouble with her complexion. Many girls going out into Society, sensitive to the last degree about skin defects, now bless her for their enjoyment of life and the clear, healthful complexion of their age. Others, who have seen with a shock traces of the ravages of the rate we live at in their faces, have had their contours restored, their skins made fresh and fair, and their wrinkles smoothed away, and they, too, bless Mrs. Hemming. The Cyclax remedies are clean, wholesome preparations, known in all the principal Courts in Europe before they were introduced by the Company. They are the result of a lifetime given up to study of this special subject by the clever lady whose property they are, and who has now publicly identified herself with them. Each is prepared under her personal superintendence—every one has been tried, and none found wanting.



MISS DOROTHY SELWYN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. WILL SPENS WAS ARRANGED FOR THE 9TH.

Miss Dorothy Selwyn is the daughter of the late Bishop John Selwyn and Mrs. Selwyn. Mr. Spens is a member of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

Photograph by Macnaghten.

*Continued from page 30.]*

"Just look at those sheep!" cried The Synthetic Agent, suddenly jumping up. "Don't they look funny! Did you go to Henley, or have you seen 'Milestones'? I know a man with a handicap of 48½ who—"

The rest was drowned in the shout of laughter.

"The American Market," declared The Jobber, "is going to go much better in the autumn."

"Can we afford to wait until after the holidays before we lay in stock?"

The Banker took up the running. "We shall not see much important change, to my mind, between now and the end of August, so I don't see any need to hurry in."

"The correct policy is to buy in any market which is flat and friendless," said The Solicitor.

"Then you ought to lay in a few Kaffirs. Surely that market answers your requirements to the very letter."

"But they look like going lower," urged The Broker.

"Can't expect to get in at the bottom."

"I'd rather wait for things to wake up, and buy them then, even if by doing so I had to pay a little more."

"There you have the Stock Exchange all over!" said The City Editor, with a show of some impatience. "You can't buy a hundred pounds stock in the morning for your wife without expecting to see it rise in the afternoon."

"Then you think we might buy Kaffirs?"

"To put away and sit on, certainly," replied Sir Oracle.

"Things like Knights, City Deep, Wolhuter—"

"Nourse Mines, and the new Gedulds for Special Settlement," added The Broker. "Even Goldfields and Rand Mines."

Saturday, July 6, 1912.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

A. B.—We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5 of the Correspondence Rules (see last week's issue). The Bank is a very respectable small concern, but not powerful, and as long as you don't keep too big a balance you can reasonably do business with it.

ANGLO INDIAN.—Premium bonds seem to have an attraction for you Anglo-Indians. We don't recommend them, but you can't hurt much over City of Antwerp, 1887, or City of Liège, 1905, bonds.

### THE BOOM IN LATIN-CANADIANS.

THE Latin-Canadian group of stocks, shares, and bonds in the Stock Exchange has been by far the most consistently active of any department in the House this year. One after another fresh enterprises have been trotted out to take their place with the older concerns, and in nearly every case there has been a cordial welcome extended to them.

Public Utility services in various parts of Canada, the United States, Mexico, Brazil, the Argentine Republic, and other countries in the Western Hemisphere afford a striking example of the way in which fortunes can be made fairly and legitimately. It is a contention of certain people nowadays that huge sums cannot be amassed except at the expense of large numbers of human beings. Without exploring the argument, it is sufficient for our present purpose to point out that people who put their money into companies which supply what we have already called public utilities—that is to say, electric traction, light, power, and similar necessities—are fully entitled to reap a rich reward for their original faith in putting up money where the risk is in proportion to the prospects of profit. Original subscribers to such comparatively recent undertakings as the Mexican Light and Power, the Rio de Janeiro Tramways, Canadian General Electric, and others, invested their money with a sporting chance of losing it or making big returns. At one time the outlook was far from gay, but within the last few years the progress of the towns and municipalities in which these undertakings have been engaged has been on a scale of such magnitude that the companies themselves have gone ahead at a rate probably hardly dreamt of by their originators.

As more and more companies have been formed to deal with these utilities, so experience has helped to eliminate a good deal of the risk formerly attaching to them. Wherefore it is that newcomers of to-day stand a much better chance of success than many of their predecessors, although, at the same time, it must in fairness be admitted that the latter had the choice of the principal cities and towns, and there commanded wide scope for prosperity and expansion. Taking one thing with another, it is not unreasonable to say that the chances of the old and the new companies do not greatly differ as regards the jumping-off point: and we are likely to hear of more and more coming out to operate tramways, power, gas, and so forth in the Latin-Canadian countries the further the demand spreads amongst the public for the shares of existing concerns.

It is significant to notice how the bonds of this class of company are held by Scottish banks, insurance companies, and other such financial institutions north of the Tweed. With that shrewd instinct

S. A. P.—We prefer Broken Hill North and British Broken Hill. It still looks as if Copper and Copper shares will go better.

RUBBER.—Federated Selangor is a very sound Company; you cannot do better.

INVESTOR.—The Chesapeake and Ohio 4½ per cent. Gold bonds, 1930, would be suitable for what you want.

R. A. C.—We have not space to give a list, but hope to write a paragraph in a week or two; meanwhile, most American Railway Bonds coupons are payable in New York—some also in Paris, Frankfurt, etc. The Underground Electric 4½ per cent. Bonds about par, Cities of Santos and Pernambuco, and Brazilian Railway 5 and 4½ per cent. Bonds will do to go on with.

THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY, LTD., is making an issue of 250,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each at par. The prospectus states that these shares are unconditionally guaranteed as to capital and interest by the Æolian Weber Piano and Pianola Company of New York, whose profits, with its subsidiaries, are more than twelve times the sum necessary to pay the dividend on the present issue; while no Debentures or Debenture stock can be created without the consent of a three-quarters majority of the holders of this issue present in separate meeting assembled. The business has been, and is, a progressive one, and the shares offered seem well secured.

THE SISSERT COMPANY, LTD., is publishing not a prospectus, but a notice for public information only. It has been formed to acquire the entire share capital of a Russian Company called the Sussertski District Mining Company, which holds what corresponds to a perpetual lease of the Sissert Estates, situate in the Ural Mountains. The estates are of an extent of 340,000 acres, and are connected with the capital of the Empire by railway.

Details are given of the large copper deposits now being worked at Sysselsky and Gumeshevsky, and the public is reminded that there is an import duty of 33 per cent. on copper in Russia. In addition to copper, there are large iron pyrites, gold and iron ore deposits, and the estimated net profits for this year are £75,000, for 1913, £102,000; and for 1914, £260,000. The purchase-price has been fixed by the vendors (the Russian Trust and Finance Company, Ltd.) at £655,000, and we gather from the notice that shares and convertible 6 per cent. Debentures will be issued.

of speculation, coupled with caution, which appears to be such an anomaly in the character of the canny Scot, he has taken a keen interest in these Latin-Canadian concerns: and the lines of bonds which have gone North during the last few years are literally enormous. The companies holding them, of course, have done excellently well, for with the steady rise in prices of the common shares there has also been just as steady an advance in the levels of the bonds; and even now, in spite of the long rise which has taken place, there is a continual inquiry for the 5 per cent. bonds from all classes of investors throughout the country.

Brazil, of course, has taken a leading part in the provision of these traction and power undertakings, the field for operation being so extensive. The rise of thirty-three points in Rio Tramways shares during the last six weeks has whetted the appetite of speculator and investor alike for other shares which may be expected to do likewise, or to come anywhere near it. It is natural that the demand should be met by supply, and now we have the British and Foreign General Securities and Investment Trust, Limited, about to offer for subscription a quarter-of-a-million Ceara Tramway, Light, and Power Company 5 per cent. First Debenture stock. Subscribers to this issue will have the right to a bonus of 10 per cent. in Common shares. The Company proposes to do the same sort of thing with the tramway lines in the City of Fortaleza as was done with such huge success by the Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company in Buenos Ayres—that is to say, to reorganise the system completely, electrifying and extending it, and, in addition, to provide a lighting and power station. At present the cars are drawn by mules, and it is stated that the traffic is too dense to be handled properly by such a service. The City of Fortaleza is the principal terminus and port of the Brazil North-Eastern Railways, and has a population of about 70,000 inhabitants. Besides the tramway system, it is expected that the electric light service will be taken up readily by the people of Fortaleza, not only for private illumination purposes, but for power for warehouses and factories in the neighbourhood. The electrical plant and equipment will come from Messrs. Dick, Kerr and Co., Ltd., whose name, of course, is sufficient guarantee of the manner in which the work will be done. Estimates of profit must, necessarily, be framed on rather vague ground, but it is expected that the tramway and light will produce a net revenue of upwards of £30,000 per annum. To pay the annual interest on the £250,000 Debenture stock about to be offered will take £12,500. Those who embark their money upon an enterprise of this description must do so in the knowledge that they are not buying a gilt-edged security; but the investment is one which may be fairly expected to turn out well, judging by the remarkably successful experience of similar undertakings in the Latin-Canadian countries.



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STRAWBERRIES I CRY!  
A MARKET POTTLE—  
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1820—  
Still  
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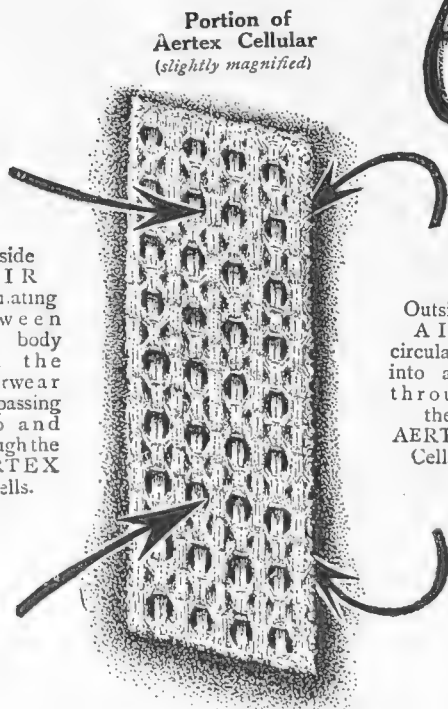
Johnnie Walker was great in the days of the "pottle" and is still "going strong" in its modern square bottle. All experts agree that there are periods when whisky is at its best; our experts contend there are three. Choose for yourself—  
Johnnie Walker "White Label," 6 years old. Johnnie Walker "Red Label," 10 years old. Johnnie Walker "Black Label," 12 years old.  
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 Bournemouth .. LEWIS, HYLAND, & CO., Devonshire Rd.  
 Brighton .. C. J. WHITTING, Westbourne.  
 Chesterfield .. G. OSBORNE & CO., 50, East St.  
 Chichester .. H. J. COOK, High St.  
 Coventry .. A. E. REYNOLDS, 84, East St.  
 Crewe .. HAYWARD & SON, 16 & 17, Broadgate.  
 Cromer .. J. R. KILNER, 13, Earle St.  
 Darlington .. RUST'S, Ltd., High St.  
 Dorking .. J. H. WAITES, 4, King's Head Buildings.  
 .. M. SMITH, New Buildings.

Douglas (I. of M.) .. A. H. FAYLE, Victoria St.  
 Dublin .. KENNEDY & McSHARRY, 24, Westmoreland  
 Dundee .. DRAFFEN & JARVIE. [St.  
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 Eton .. E. C. DEVEREUX, 127, High St.  
 Exeter .. PINDER & TUCKWELL, 191, High St.  
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 Harrogate .. W. G. ALLEN & SON, 6, Prospect Crescent.  
 Hitchin .. HERBERT MOORE, 11, High St.  
 Huddersfield .. W. H. DAWSON, 22, New St.  
 Hull .. THOS. GILLET, King Edward St.  
 Lancaster .. R. STANTON, 17, Cheapside.  
 Leamington .. E. FRANCIS & SONS, Ltd., Bath St.  
 Leeds .. HYAM & CO., 42 & 43, Briggate.  
 Liverpool .. BELFAST SHIRT DEPOT, Lord St.

Manchester .. FRED. MIDDLETON, 87, Mosley St.  
 Middlesbrough .. A. W. FOSTER, 74, Linthorpe Rd.  
 Morecambe .. BANKS BROS., East and West End Houses.  
 Norwich .. H. SUNNUCKS, 26, The Walk.  
 Nottingham .. DIXON & PARKER, Ltd., Lister Gate.  
 Paignton .. FREDERICK SPRY, 20, Victoria St.  
 Plymouth .. PERKIN BROS., 13, Bedford St.  
 Reading .. STRANSON & SONS, Market Place.  
 Sheerness .. TEMPLE BROS., 48, High St.  
 Sheffield .. R. HANBIDGE, Norfolk House.  
 Southampton .. BELFAST SHIRT DEPOT, Lord St.  
 Sunderland .. H. BINNS, SON & CO., Ltd., 38, Fawcett St.  
 Weston-S.-Mare .. E. HAWKINS & CO., 33, High St.  
 Weymouth .. V. H. BENNETT, 84-5, St. Mary St.  
 Wigan .. JACKSON & SMITH, 42, Wallgate.  
 Wolverhampton .. A. HALL, Queen Square.



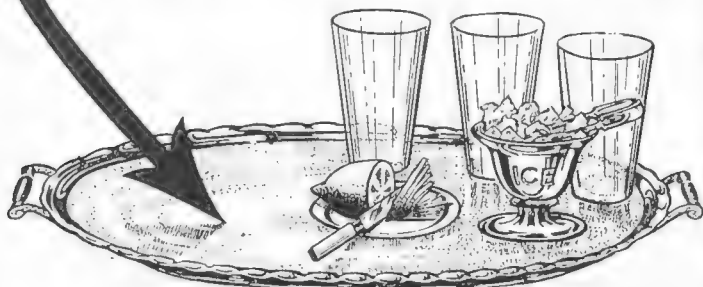
## This is the Bottle to put on the tray.

Most teetotal drinks are lowering; and alcohol is too heating in warm weather. "C & C" Ginger Ale is the thing. It has all the life, all the verve and sparkle of Champagne without the fire. It bucks you up—but never lets you down again. Look on the neck label for the letters—

**"C & C"**  
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It is cool, delicious, refreshing. And it does you good. Its exhilarating tingle, its clean, crisp flavour—make you as hungry as a hunter. Only remember, any Ginger Ale won't do. Order in a dozen from your grocer, wine merchant, or stores—but be sure it's "C & C"

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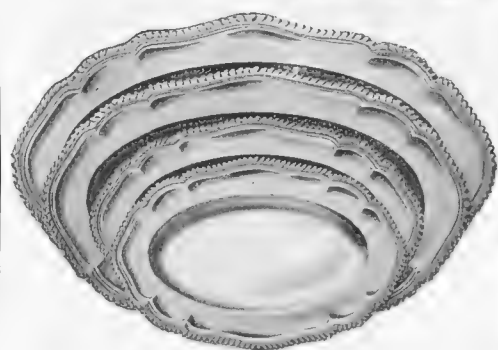
CITY & HEAD ESTABLISHMENT:  
 THE TREASURE HOUSE, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.



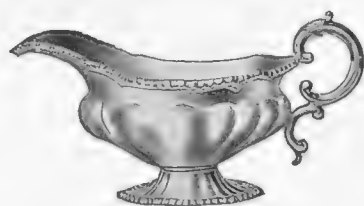
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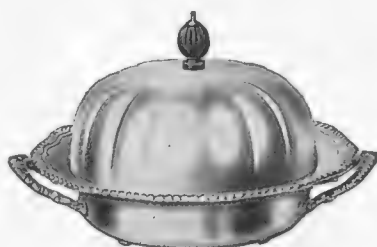
GOLDSMITHS, SILVERSMITHS,  
CUTLERS.



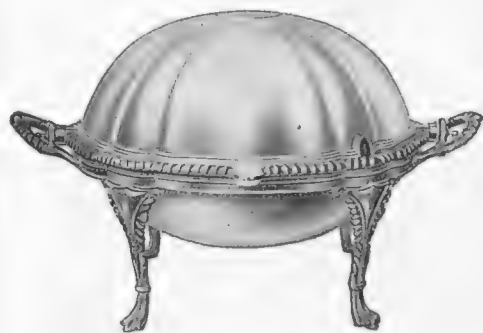
Set of Meat Dishes  
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Gadroon Pattern.



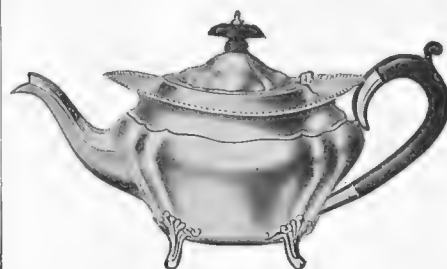
Sauce Boat  
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PRINCE'S PLATE.  
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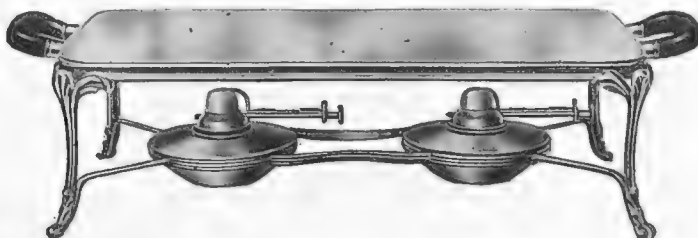
Muffin Dish  
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PRINCE'S PLATE.  
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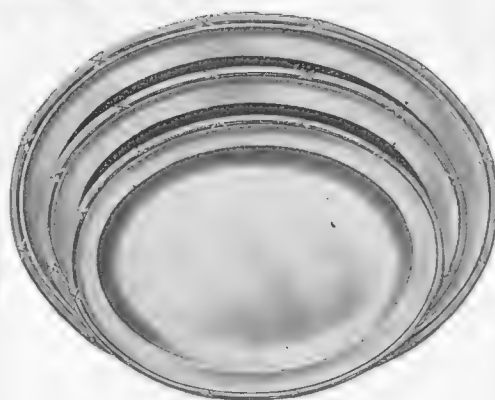
Soup Tureen, with revolving cover,  
in  
PRINCE'S PLATE.  
Gadroon Pattern.



Tea-Pot  
in  
PRINCE'S PLATE.  
Gadroon Pattern.



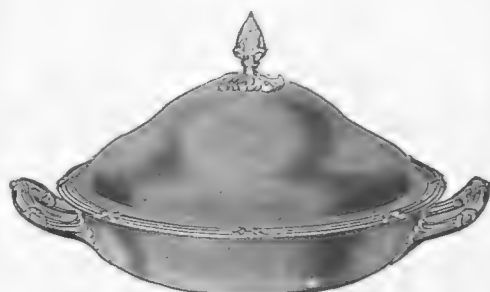
HEATING STAND IN PRINCE'S PLATE.  
Aluminium Hot Plate (Removable).



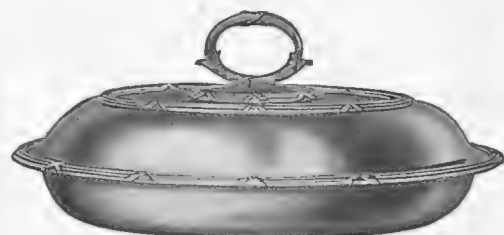
Set of Meat Dishes  
in  
PRINCE'S PLATE.  
Empire Mounts.



Sauce Boat  
in  
PRINCE'S PLATE.  
Empire Mounts.



Vegetable Dish  
in  
PRINCE'S PLATE.  
Empire Mounts.



Entrée Dish  
in  
PRINCE'S PLATE.  
Empire Mounts.



Coffee Pot  
in  
PRINCE'S PLATE.

THE purchaser of electro plate has to rely, largely, upon the guarantee of the maker for the consistency of its quality; a few years of wear usually suffice to discover its inferiority. All electro plate looks like silver when new, but few kinds retain that first splendid appearance.

## PRINCE'S PLATE

is the exception. We manufacture this plate at our own Sheffield Works, and can confidently guarantee its durability and general excellence. It was

## INVENTED SOLELY

to be a substitute for sterling silver. Special machinery and close research have been applied to the production of a genuine plate that would successfully stand the wear-and-tear of constant use and yet be excellent enough

## TO MEET THE DEMAND

for silver plate that would grace any table. We claim to have met that demand in the article produced. It will always wear like silver, and look like silver; we go so far as to say there is no reason why you should buy silver when "Prince's Plate" is available,

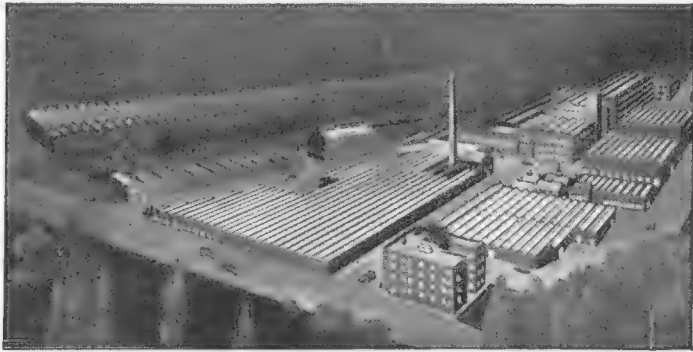
## FOR GENUINE PLATE

is much more economical and equally efficient in service. For Dinner Services, Tea and Coffee Sets, Table Fittings, and Spoons and Forks, &c., "Prince's" Plate

## HAS NO EQUAL,

its name is a hall mark of excellence and quality, and as we manufacture it ourselves, we are able to offer our customers the advantage of purchasing at direct prices. Write for our Catalogue of articles made in "Prince's" Plate, sent post free to any address.

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BUENOS AIRES: Florida 36. SÃO PAULO.  
SHEFFIELD. ROME. NICE. BIARRITZ.  
LAUSANNE. JOHANNESBURG.

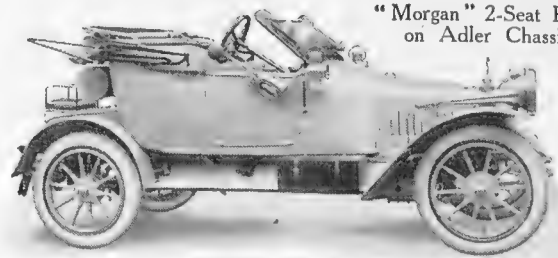


THIS illustration is a bird's-eye view of the extensive factories of the Daimler Company in Coventry.

The whole of this organisation is equipped with the most modern machine tools, operated by men who are specialists in their own particular branches; up-to-date machinery, men and methods, the best of material and the finest workmanship are used in the manufacture of sleeve-valve Daimlers: is it therefore surprising that Daimler cars have achieved such a well-deserved popularity?

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The DAIMLER Company, Ltd., Coventry



"Morgan" 2-Seat Body,  
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The highest degree of resilience is combined with the greatest wear-resistance in

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It pays in every sense to use **DUNLOP DETACHABLE WIRE WHEELS** in conjunction with Dunlop tyres. The combination affords the most luxurious travel possible; and the resilience of the wheels enables much bigger mileage to be got out of the tyres. The saving effected soon repays the initial cost of the wheels.

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Re LADY FLORENCE GRANT, Deceased.

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2 Large Choice Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suites ..	10 10 0
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Elegant Queen Anne Design Bedroom Suite ..	12 10 0
Costly Large Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite, with 6 ft. 1 in. Wardrobe ..	22 10 0
Pair Sheraton Design Twin Bedsteads to match ..	4 10 0
Very Choice Unique Real Silver Ash Bedroom Suite, with Silver-plated Fittings ..	19 19 0
Elegant Silver Ash Bedstead to match complete ..	6 10 0
Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite, very fine ..	32 0 0
Costly Sheraton Design Mahogany Inlaid Bedroom Suite, fitted Revolving Mirrors of very unique design (cost treble) ..	45 0 0
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Fine set of Georgian Design Oak Chairs with Rush Seats, perfect preservation, 8 in all ..	£ 7 15 0
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Jacobean Design Carved Oak Settee, 3 ft. 6 in. wide ..	3 3 0
Magnificent Carved Welsh Dresser, 5 ft. wide ..	9 9 0
Elegant Grandfather Clock, chiming on long tubes ..	18 18 0
Quantity of Framed and Glazed Old Coloured Spinning and other Prints. Fine Collection of old Dutch Marqueterie Inlaid Furniture, in perfect preservation, including Cabinets, Writing Bureaux, Centre and Side Tables, Small and Arm Chairs, &c. Would suit Connoisseur ..	
The Very Fine Upright Grand Piano-forte, by Adolph Schumann. A Magnificent Instrument ..	25 0 0
The Costly Bronze and Marble Clock, and 2 Side Pieces, with Rich Ormolu Mounts ..	7 7 0
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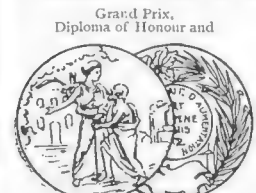
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The whole of these goods are now on view, and any item can be seen and selected daily till sold.



Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.



to H.M. the King of Spain.



International Exhibition, Rome, 1912

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**—Special attention is drawn to the fact that we have **NO BRANCH DEPOSITORIES** **WHATEVER**, neither is anyone entitled to represent themselves as being connected with us in any way.

## Notes at the Sales.

I have always been loth to leave town before the end of July, my ostensible reason being my reluctance to leave until the Opera and other social functions are over, my real reason, however, being my womanly love of making a bargain, and anxiety to remain in town whilst the summer sales are in progress. I have already made several excursions to the West End, and have met quite a number of well-known people, evidently bent on the same errand as myself, so that I am not alone in my weakness. The strikes and disturbances of the past few weeks have been so disconcerting that I seem to have lost all interest in the replenishing of my wardrobe, the result being that I have quite a number of things to acquire—the demands of my wardrobe allowing of no further delay. I had for some time past resolved to visit the London Corset Company, in Hanover Street, for some new corsets, and I was pleased, therefore, to find on my visit that they too were holding a Summer Sale, and that the prices of all articles, including the very latest models from Paris, were considerably reduced.



THE LATEST CREPE-DE-CHINE CORSET.

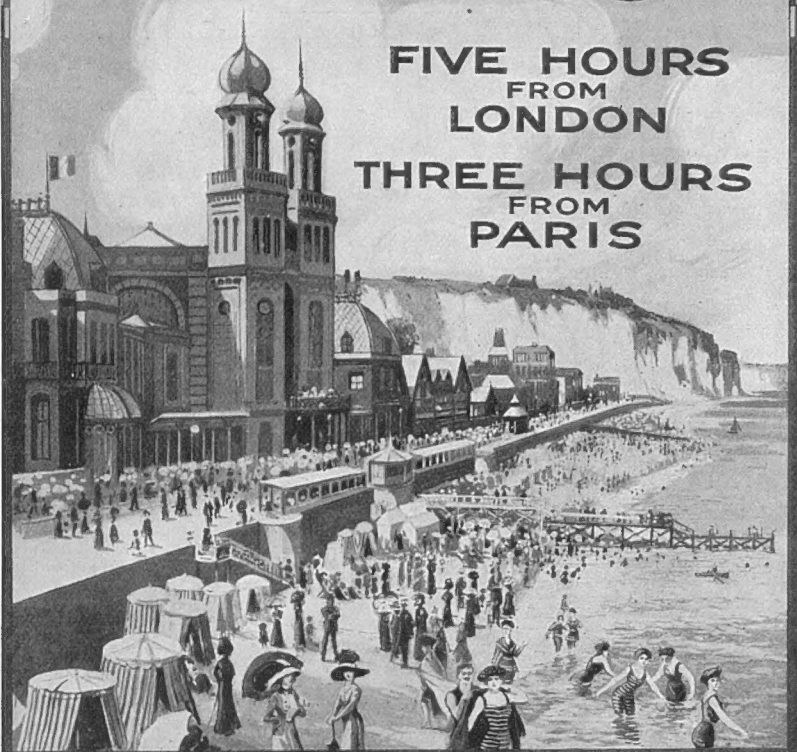
This is the only house at which I have seen a pair of real French corsets guaranteed actually made in Paris, and with two pairs of suspenders, for the ridiculous sum of 9/11, whilst another model, rather longer over the hips, also including suspenders, can be obtained during the sale for 14/5. There were numberless other models, from 19/- upwards, but those I required were the Crepe-de-Chine, which I consider the finest model I have ever inspected. They are of the lightest possible weight, very low in the bust and extremely long on the hips, so modelled that the figure is not only improved but kept beautifully together. The material is of the strongest and necessitates very little boning, and the six suspenders which are supplied with it keep the corset in correct and perfect position. The usual price of this is 6 guineas, but during the sale, which terminates on the 20th, it is reduced to £5 15s. 6d.

Included in the sale are also some exquisite French model-lingerie gowns, blouses, &c., all greatly reduced in price.

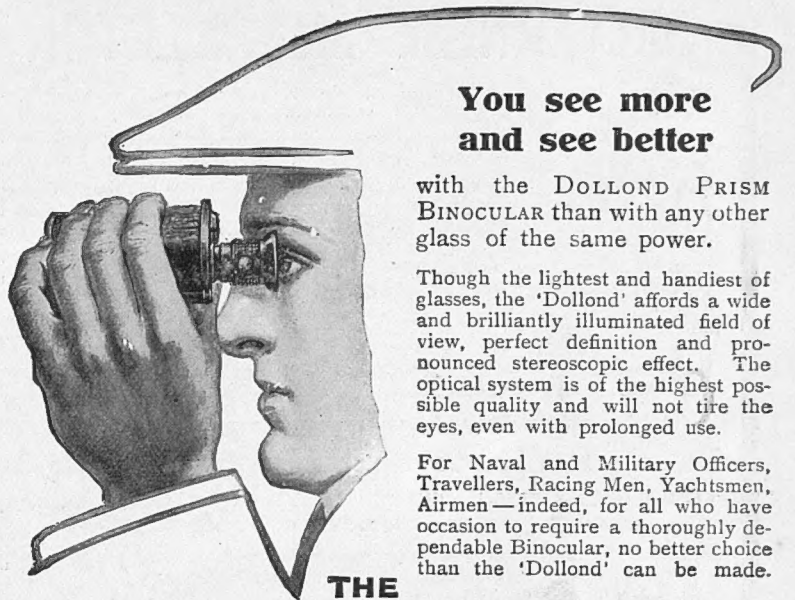


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The pleasure centre of most fashionable resort on French coast. High-class entertainments twice daily; concerts, plays, operas by leading Parisian artistes. Famous orchestra of sixty. Dances in the magnificent ballroom four times weekly. Petits chevaux, baccarat. Ten excellent tennis courts, golf, yachting, trout fishing, pigeon shooting, etc. Ideal motoring centre in a district rich in picturesque and historic interest.



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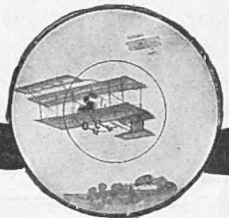
£6 0 0 MAGNIFICATION EIGHT TIMES. COMPLETE IN CASE. Liberal allowance for old glasses in exchange.

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*Descriptive Booklet sent FREE by post on request.*

**DOLLOND & CO., LTD.**

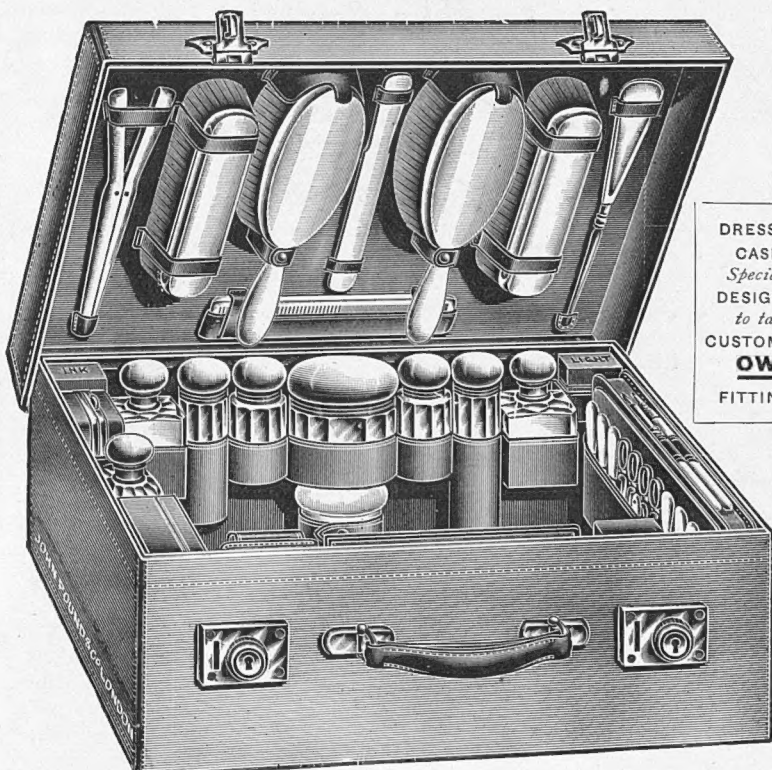
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ARE EXTREMELY LIGHT, BUT EXCEEDINGLY STRONG AND DURABLE, CONSIDERABLY LESS IN PRICE THAN COMPRESSED CANE TRUNKS, AND FAR MORE ROOMY.

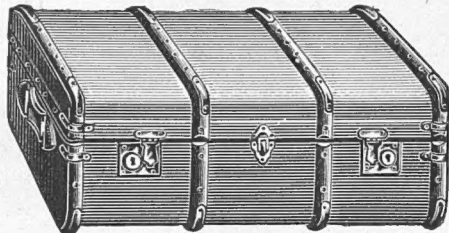
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These High-Class English-made "PETULITE" Trunks (Registered),

WHICH ARE NOT OBTAINABLE ELSEWHERE.

are covered with thoroughly good Brown Waterproof Canvas (green if preferred), four hoops all round, sliding leather handle on both ends, lined excellent striped material, fitted complete with polished nickel frame, good tray, and secured with pair of double-action sliding-nozzle lever locks.

Illustrated Catalogue of Cheaper Trunks, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, etc., post free.

**HENRY B. BOX & CO., Ltd.,** ACTUAL TRUNK MAKERS,  
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### 'CYCLAX' PREPARATIONS

These Marvellous Skin Remedies have now stood the test of Twenty Years, and they have proved successful all the world over.

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For permanently curing double-chin and restoring the contour of the face caused by drooping muscles. Removes flabbiness under the chin.

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THIS unique preparation possesses marvellous properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant will absorb water; it feeds the tissues, and plumps them up; it cleanses the pores of all impurities, and whitens the skin, while it builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, hollows cease to exist, and unnatural depressions regain their proper form.

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"Cyclax" Preparations are absolutely unique and original.

The efficacy and excellence of the "Cyclax" Remedies can always be relied upon, and they keep perfectly in any climate.

THIS Lotion is one of the keynotes of the "Cyclax" Treatment. It quickly removes acne, eczema, roughness, redness, blackheads, and all acidity of and in the skin, and renders every pore free from all impurities. It can be confidently asserted that the results obtained by the use of this splendid Lotion are perfectly astounding.

Price 5/6 or 10/6



- LASH TONIC Powerful Producer of Eyelashes. Price 2/6
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Write for the valuable book, entitled

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Please mention this paper and reference B.S.

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### FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

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### MACASSAR OIL

EXQUISITE. AROMATIC. HYGIENIC.

The most Wonderful of all Hair Foods.

It supplies the daily waste that goes on in the tissues and prevents premature decay of the

### HAIR

It is as invaluable for Children as "grown ups." It gives lustre and tone. It is exquisitely perfumed and is a necessity to the toilet. Use it yourself. Use it for your little ones.

Sold in a Gold Tint for Fair Hair, 3/6, 7/- and 10/6  
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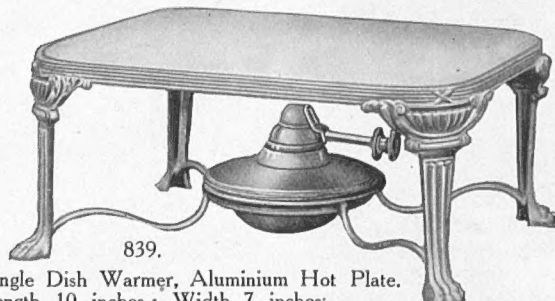
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Réchaud Stand and Lamp, with Aluminium Top Plate. Grooved to fit coffee and hot milk jugs, Capacity 1 pint each.

ELKINGTON PLATE - - £7 5 0 Complete.



839.

Oblong Single Dish Warmer, Aluminium Hot Plate. Length 10 inches; Width 7 inches.

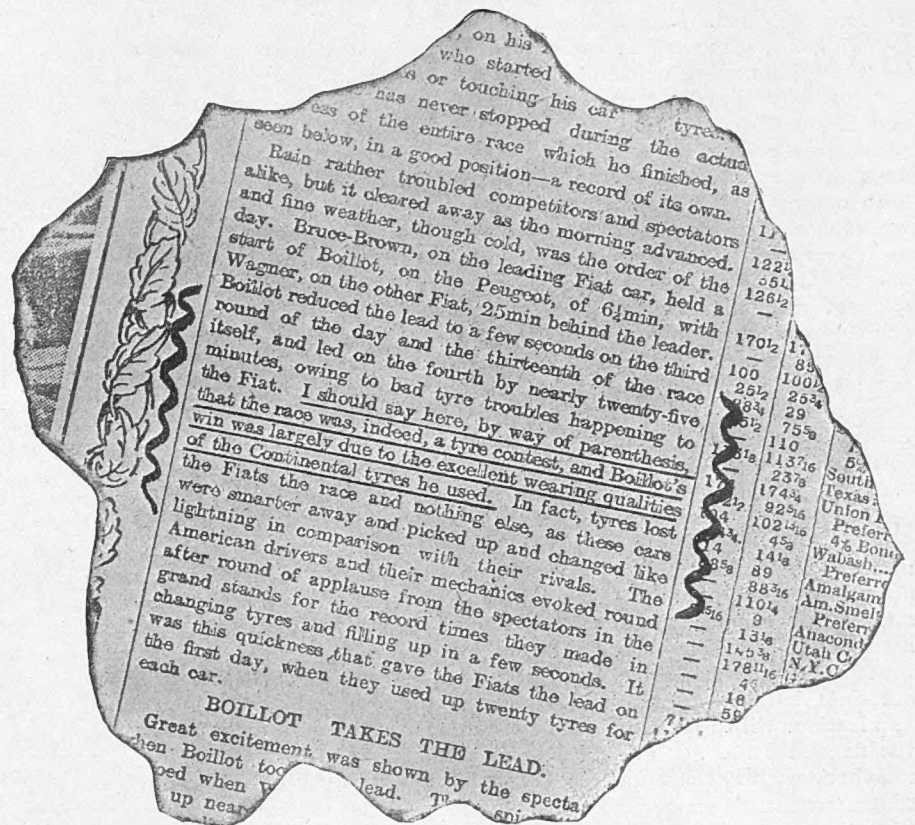
ELKINGTON PLATE - - £4 0 0

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## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

### A Taste of the Grand Prix and Coupe.

Those who were unable to cross the Channel for a sight of the Grand Prix and the Coupe de l'Auto may obtain some amends by voyaging to Brooklands on Saturday next, when the authorities are offering a prize of £100 for a team race of cars which competed in the Coupe de l'Auto, or cars held in reserve for that race. The race will take place over a distance of 8½ miles only.

### The Scott on Continentals in the Isle of Man.

It is to be hoped that the example of the French Club and the French trade will be taken to heart by the Royal Automobile Club and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders inasmuch that we shall have in 1913, unlucky number though it be, a recurrence of motor-car racing in the Isle of Man. That the Manxmen, one and all, are as keen as mustard on this class of sport is evident from the huge attraction which the Junior and Senior Tourist Trophy Motor-Cycle Races have just proved themselves to be in the Island. Huge crowds gathered on both days at every point of vantage and took the keenest interest in both contests. No fewer than twenty started for the junior race, which was won by an amateur on a two-cylinder Douglas, at an average speed of 39.65 miles per hour, while forty faced the time-keeper in the senior event, and half that number finished, the winner turning up in F. A. Applebee, on a two-cylinder Scott (two-cycle engine), with an average speed of 48.69 miles per hour. Now in consideration of the immense amount of work incurred by motor-cycle tyres in so fierce a struggle as the senior competition, it cannot be gainsaid that the tyres on the Scott, which were Continentals, are entitled to a considerable meed of the glory.

### The Badge that Gets You Home.

It really would appear to be a case of "pull devil, pull baker" between the R.A.C. and the A.A. and M.U. Hardly is the ink dry on the notices announcing the telephone scheme of the latter body than we are met with a proposal by the Club by which certain most valuable and useful privileges are to be enjoyed by their members and associates. The idea is promulgated under the title "The Badge that Will Get You Home," and means that any Club member or associate holding a certain brass disc, to be issued to them on application, will be able to obtain assistance, when broken down, from the nearest R.A.C. or other repairer. That is to say, presuming a member's car to be stranded by the roadside, that member will send

his disc in to the nearest repairer by an R.A.C. guide or other messenger, whereupon the repairer will send a car to the derelict, and convey the stranded party home or to the nearest station, if within twenty miles.

### A Trial of Trials.

According to the graphic descriptions which have appeared in the *Autocar* and the *Car*, the Alpine Reliability Trials, promoted by the Austrian Automobile Club, which have just been brought to a close at Vienna, will go down to posterity as one of the hardest and most searching tests to which motor-cars have yet been subjected under official supervision. As put by the *Car*, the route had been deliberately chosen to include the worst and steepest roads that could be found. There was no question of merely introducing picturesque mountain scenery: it was a case of sending the cars over the vilest of surfaces and the steepest of gradients in order, if it were possible, to pierce the armour of apparent invulnerability which the up-to-date motor-car possesses—particularly the car which has been specially prepared for a contest of this kind. And I think it may be said that the attempt has signally failed, for of the eighty-four cars which started, seventy-one got through, while twenty-five of these did not incur a single penalty. It is even still more remarkable that seventeen out of this gallant twenty-five were fitted with Continental tyres—a testimony to their durability which cannot be gainsaid. The winning car was a Mercédès, with 130 by 180 mm. four-cylinder engine, while the team prize went to the three Opels—fourth, fifth, and sixth.

### A Real Grip on the Road.

No tyre has leapt so rapidly into public favour as the Wood-Milne Steelrubber tyre, which, as its name suggests, is a clever combination of steel and rubber, mingled in the tread in such wise as to afford wonderful wearing and non-slipping properties. The steel fibres, which can be felt when the finger is passed over the tread, are cut from steel wire as fine as human hair. These are mixed with the rubber before vulcanisation, and are evenly distributed throughout the tread. Thereby a flint-proof, non-skidding, and extremely durable tread is obtained. Before a flint or any other cutting agent can gash or enter the rubber it must, obviously, sever the enmeshed strands of steel. Moreover, after some miles of running the tread-surface becomes rough to the touch, the ends of the steel fibres protruding slightly above the surface of the tread, as do the bristles on the face of an unshaven man. This characteristic it is that gives the cling and grip to the road. I can imagine no better safeguard against front-wheel skidding—the most dangerous skidding of all—than the "Griprib" Wood-Milne cover.

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*The above paragraph is from the motor pages of "The Sketch," of June 19. If you are interested, write for catalogues.*

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